

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

NO. 30.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

**NORTH.**  
5:56 A. M. Daily.  
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
9:12 A. M. Daily.  
12:49 P. M. Daily.  
4:57 P. M. Daily.  
**SOUTH.**  
7:33 A. M. Daily.  
11:13 A. M. Daily.  
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.  
7:03 P. M. Daily.  
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves..... 7:35 A. M.  
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves..... 8:12 A. M.  
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves..... 8:50 A. M.  
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station..... 4:35 P. M.  
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station..... 5:12 P. M.  
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station..... 5:50 P. M.  
First car leaves Baden Station for City..... 9:00 A. M.  
Last car leaves Baden Station for City..... 6:00 P. M.  
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from 8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

## COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry..... 11:25 P. M.  
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry..... 11:43 P. M.  
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry..... 12:00 M.  
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at..... 11:22 P. M.  
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at..... 12:05 A. M.  
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at..... 12:32 A. M.

**NOTE**  
9:52 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only  
10:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.  
11:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

## PARK LINE

Last car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park..... 11:27 P. M.  
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero..... 11:50 P. M.

## STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

**TIME CARD.**  
Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 12:30 m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:45 A. M.  
South..... 4:10 P. M.

## MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 5:40 P. M.  
South..... 6:15 P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT  
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City  
TREASURER  
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City  
TAX COLLECTOR  
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City  
ASSASSINATOR  
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City  
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER  
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City  
SHERIFF  
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City  
AUDITOR  
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City  
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR  
W. S. Crowe..... Redwood City  
SURVEYOR  
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

## Seasonable Poultry Work.

Clean and whitewash the henhouse and rake up the rubbish if such work was not done last month. Usually the men on the farm attend to everything else on the place before they do the least thing for the comfort and well-being of the poultry. Such work not only improves the appearance of the premises but greatly lessens the chances of death and sickness in the flock later in the season. This month is also a good time to set Hamburg and Leghorn eggs. Chicks of these breeds grow rapidly and mature early and if hatched out as late, or even a little later, than the 1st of June, the pullets will be ready to lay in October. There is still time to set hens of the larger breeds. Take good care of the chicks already out. Give them clean coops that can be kept dry inside, and closed up at night. Let them run out on pleasant days, allowing them plenty of wholesome food. Keep them free from lice. If at this time, or later, you see any of your chicks trailing their wings on the ground, trying to stand on their heads, twisting their heads back or looking distressed and uncomfortable, it is safe to assume they are troubled with lice.

## IN HARMONY.

### Nicaraguan Commission at Last Reaches an Agreement.

### IN FAVOR OF THE LULL ROUTE.

Latest Surveys Call for a Waterway Wider and Deeper Than the Former Plans Contemplated.

New York.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says: The Nicaragua Canal Commissioners—Admiral Walker, Colonel Hains and Mr. Haupt—are understood at last to have settled serious disagreements which have so long delayed the report of the Commission, and which, for a time, threatened to make necessary the appointment by the President of another Commission under the authority conferred by the last session of Congress. The compromise effected among the Commissioners results in their fixing the cost of the proposed waterway, which is pronounced entirely feasible, at \$125,000,000. The members of the Commission, having agreed, after the elaborate and thorough consideration they have given to the subject believe that the last objection to the beginning of the inter-oceanic waterway has been swept aside and that Congress may be relied upon to authorize its construction.

A modified route is recommended. In its preliminary report the Commission declared its positive belief that a canal across Nicaragua was entirely feasible, but the Maritime Canal Company, which held the concession, exerted powerful influences, preventing an agreement to the modified route.

The majority of the Commission, Admiral Walker and Colonel Hains, favored what is known as the Lull route. They adhered to the dimensions considerably greater than ever before proposed both in the length of locks and in the width, depth and radius of curvature of the canal in order that large ocean steamers and especially war ships could securely and quickly make the trip over the divide. This, they said, necessarily made a corresponding increase in the estimated cost in no way inconsistent with the estimates made from former survey, which contemplated a much smaller and cheaper canal.

It was the opinion of the Commission that of the two routes estimated for, the Lull route was the most desirable, because it is easier of construction, presents no problems not well within good engineering precedents, and will be safer and more reliable when the canal is completed.

It also expressed the conviction that the dimensions and form of construction preferred by the Commission were better than the cheaper form with smaller dimensions, which would undoubtedly call for expensive improvements within a short time after its completion.

### TO OPERATE IN MANY STATES.

Seventeen Automobile Vehicle Companies Organized.  
Trenton, N. J.—Seventeen electric vehicle transportation companies were incorporated here the other day. These companies were formed by the Whitney-Elkins-Widener syndicate to operate automobiles in as many different states. Each of the companies has an authorized capital of \$100,000, except the one formed for the District of Columbia, which has an authorized capital of \$8,000,000. The capital, with this latter exception, is supposed to be merely a nominal amount, to be increased later. The incorporators of each state are James F. Hayes, a Jersey City lawyer, and clerks in his office.

The several states for which these companies are formed are: Tennessee, Georgia, Ohio, Kentucky, New Jersey, Louisiana, Delaware, California, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Maryland, Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, Virginia and District of Columbia.

### New Plan of the Czar.

St. Petersburg.—The Czar presided at a meeting of the Council called to discuss the question of abolishing transportation to Siberia, on the ground that it had become prejudicial to the interests of the country, and was a serious obstacle to the progress of Siberia. As an outcome of the deliberations the Czar ordered a commission, to be presided over by the Minister of Justice, Privy Councillor N. V. Muraviev, to meet for the purpose of considering the question of substituting another penalty for transportation to the Siberian mines.

### Vaccination to Be Enforced.

Washington.—The Secretary of War today ordered the commanding officer at Fort Wingate, N. M., to dispatch an adequate force of troops immediately to the Mogui Pueblo Indian villages in Arizona to assist in overcoming resistance to the work of disinfecting and quarantining the villages where smallpox is prevalent. Secretary Alger says that with careful vaccination there will be little danger to the troops as they will be used only to enforce the orders of the agent.

## CHINESE FORM A BIG TRUST.

Oriental Merchants at Work on the Scheme.

Vancouver, B. C.—Some of the most influential Oriental merchants are now working on a scheme which is simply gigantic in its scope and one which undoubtedly will attract attention in all parts of the American continent.

It is to form companies in every city of consequence in the United States, Canada and Australia, which will attempt to control Chinese capital in order to promote and control Oriental industries.

When Kang, the Chinese reformer, was in Vancouver, he outlined the scheme to a number of prominent Chinese and his ideas were quickly acted upon. Interpreter Cum Yow, who is in the scheme, said in regard to it:

"We have no doubts about its success. Our plan is to give the Chinese a chance to invest their money in this country and to further all Chinese industries. There are at present 5,000,000 Chinese in Canada, Australia and the United States, and they will all, we think, go into the scheme. As soon as our company is formed there we will send out our agents and form companies in every city of any size in Canada, the United States and Australia. We expect to issue altogether about \$60,000,000 worth of stock. With the formation of the companies accomplished and the stock issued they will be brought under one management with headquarters possibly in Vancouver. Then a banking institution will be formed and investments in Chinese industries will be made on an immense scale. Shares of the immense trust will sell at \$1 each, and already several thousand dollars' worth have been bought here by men who are making only \$1 a day."

The promoters, who are nearly all wealthy men, are: Yip Sang, Hip Tuck Lung, Charlie Yip Yen, Sam Kee, Dr. Lui, Lee Yuen and W. A. Cum Yow.

Kang, the Chinese reformer and refugee, who originated the scheme, is said to have invested a quarter of a million in it.

Chinatown is much excited over the project and every Celestial in the city is said to be eager to purchase stock.

The whole concern is simply an immense trust, although the promoters are loth to acknowledge it.

Operations of the trust will not be confined to Chinese industries, as it is proposed to build steamers to run to China and possibly construct a railway line in Mexico.

## CHINA IN FEAR OF DISRUPTION.

Rumored Attempt to Make Japan an Ally—Desires to Oust Germany.

Tacoma, Wash.—Mail advices by the Oriental liner Victoria says: Nearly all the Tokio journals give publicity to a rumor apparently emanating from Shanghai, to the effect that China has approached the Japanese Government for a request to get Germany out of Shantung. The suggestion is that the Peking authorities have at last been roused to the imminence of the dangers threatening the Chinese empire and to the certainty of its disruption unless some step is put to the unscrupulous demands now constantly preferred by Western States. Germany being regarded as the leader in the game of aggression and Shantung possessing special sanctity in Chinese eyes as the birthplace of Confucius, there is double reason for the desire to get Germany out of the field. The following dispatch has been received by local mandarins from Chinanfu, the provincial capital of Shantung:

"A large force of Germans went about ten days ago to the village of Kuochia-chuang, in the Lanhsan hills, near Kiaochau, and forcibly evicted the inhabitants. When this had been done the Germans set fire to a part of the village and then left the place."

Another force of Germans is now in Jih Chao demanding the person of one Hsueh Tien Tee, a townsman of that city, who is charged with having grievously insulted a certain Roman Catholic priest. The Germans, who have taken up their quarters in the magistrate's yamen, declare that they will not leave the city unless their demands are fulfilled. It is stated by emissaries returned from Tientsin that the Germans are gathering a large force and quantities of ammunition and food supplies in that place preparatory to a general move upon Chinanfu, but this report must be taken with all reserve.

## Winnemucca Wants the Fight.

Winnemucca, Nev.—The Golconda Jockey Club has decided to offer \$25,000 for the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight. This is \$5000 more than Carson has offered. C. P. Van Duer, president of the club, states that the money is ready and that nothing will be left undone to secure the fight. Officers of the club are already taking steps to secure favorable railroad rates in case the fight is secured.

## Gomez May Visit McKinley.

Havana.—General Gomez may go to Washington for conference with President McKinley. He said he would do so if occasion required in his manifesto and his friends say that he will very likely carry out his intention.

## WHY AMERICA LEADS.

A British View of Our Supremacy in Commerce.

## GOODS CARRIED BY FOREIGN SHIPS.

The United States Also Owes Large Sums of Money to Other Nations.

Washington.—The fact that the United States has overtaken and passed the United Kingdom as an export country and is now leading the world as a distributor of manufactures and natural products is discussed at considerable length in an elaborate paper by Sir Robert Giffen, recently read before the Royal Statistical Society of England. Giffen says, among other things:

"There are obvious reasons why the United States should have an excess of exports. In the first place, the United States has to pay in its exports for the share of the carriage of goods in its foreign trade, which is performed by foreign ships. This is a very large figure. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the foreign country which does the carrying trade for the United States is mainly the United Kingdom, and in this difference between the two countries accordingly we have pro tanto an explanation of the United Kingdom and of the excess of exports in the case of the United States. Next, the United States is a country which owes money in various ways to foreign nations."

"More important still, a great deal of capital has been invested in the United States by Europeans, by English people, by Dutch people and Belgians, as well as by French and Germans, not to speak of minor nationalities in Europe. The interest on this debt has, of course, to be paid in exports, unless to the extent that in any given period reinvestments are made in the United States can be accounted for, and it may be questioned whether in recent years, when the excess of exports was so large, any great withdrawal of capital from the United States has been in progress."

## WESTERN MEN FOR THE NAVY.

Recruiting Officer to Be Sent on a Special Mission.

Washington.—Secretary of the Navy Long is deeply interested in the result of an experiment which is to be made under the direction of Captain John M. Hawley for the enlistments will quicken that section's interest in the Navy.

Many inquiries have been received by the department from the West by young men of adventurous spirit who would like to join the Navy, but who cannot afford the expense of traveling to New York or Boston, with the chance of rejection after their arrival. It is proposed, therefore, to send a recruiting officer through the West next month to gather in 300 or 350 recruits. Only bright and promising American citizens between the ages of 18 and 25 will be taken. They must be able to read and write.

Exceptional inducements are to be offered these recruits in the shape of a long cruise on Admiral Farragut's old flagship, the Hartford, which is now at the Mare Island Navy Yard. She has been thoroughly refitted at a cost of about \$350,000. The recruits will be sent to the receiving-ship Independence at San Francisco for several months of preliminary "shaking down," and then will embark upon the Hartford for New York either by way of Cape Horn or across the Pacific to China, thence around to India and through the Red sea and the Mediterranean.

Her executive officer will be Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Sharp, a nephew of General Grant, who distinguished himself during the recent war as the commander of the auxiliary yacht Vixen, which was attached to Schley's flying squadron. In addition to the recruits, she will carry 150 experienced men. Upon arrival in New York the recruits will be assigned to war ships. If this experiment is a success, as Captain Hawley confidently expects it to be, it will be repeated with a view to the enlistment of more Westerners.

## Injuries From Roosts.

"When the roosts are high the fowls will crowd together, each endeavoring to get as high as possible, instinct prompting them to do so in order to avoid danger. If they have a long sweep to fly down they are seldom injured, but where they are compelled to jump down almost under the roost the result is a bruise, which becomes hard and callous, being known as bumblefoot. It is not easily cured, but frequent application of crude petroleum is the best remedy, though sometimes the knife must be used. A fowl that has once had bumblefoot is worth but very little afterward, as it will become lame again at times. Make the roosts low, and all of the same level, which is the surest preventive."

## Carnegie's Gift to Gladstone Fund.

London.—Andrew Carnegie has subscribed £1000 to the Gladstone memorial fund.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

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ETC., ETC., ETC.

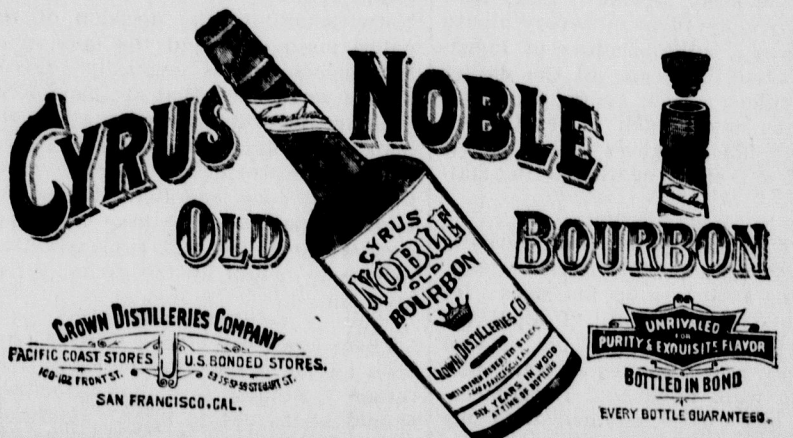
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Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Av  
South San Francisco, Cal.



## MACHINE TO WIPE OUT ARMIES.

War Balloon Said to Have Been Devised by a Kentucky Tramp.

Maysville, Ky.—Several years ago there appeared in this city a tramp, whose name is not now known. He had in his possession an aerial torpedo that was something new. He sold it to A. E. Cole & Co. of this city, who at once set about to secure a patent from Washington. The weapon is a city destroyer and an army annihilator. The machine is simple in construction. It consists of a balloon large enough to carry about 600 pounds. From the balloon there runs a cable about three feet long, on the end of which is a small oak board with a slot in the center. On this board there rests a clock, a spring and a razor blade at the edge of the slot. Through the slot runs a small rope, the end of which is fastened to a torpedo, which is loaded with 500 pounds of gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine or dynamite. The velocity of the wind is taken, and the clock is set to the time it will require the balloon to get over the objective point. The firm has received letters from Russia, Germany, France, Italy and Austria in regard to the machine.

## TOAST TO RUSSIA'S RULER.

German Emperor Hopes Peace Conference May Be Satisfactory to Czar.

Weisbaden, Prussia.—At a luncheon given by Emperor William the other day, in accordance with his custom, in honor of the birthday of Emperor Nicholas, the Kaiser toasted the Czar in the following terms:

"With the toast to the Czar's health which I propose every year with heartfelt sincerity, would today couple my hearty good wishes upon the opening of the conference at The Hague, which owes its origin to his majesty's initiative."

Then, turning to the Russian Ambassador, Count von Hosten-Sacken, he continued: "Honored Count, it is my sincere wish that those two tried and experienced statesmen, M. de Staal and Count von Munster, acting in accordance with the old traditions uniting my house with his majesty's and the German with the Russian people, and carrying out the identical instructions given them by the Czar and myself may so conduct the conference that the result will satisfy the Czar. The health of his majesty! Hurrah!"

## M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++  
Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

South San Francisco, Cal.

There are three forcing feeds—meat, ordinarily in the form of ground green bone with a good deal of the meat on the bone, milk, and fish. Milk is expensive, and fish can not easily be obtained, except near the sea-coast, and too much raw fish will give an unpleasant taste to the egg. It is said that boiled fish will not do so. Ground green-bone is, therefore, the forcing food chiefly depended on. Sufficient quantity is a pound a week for every three hens.

## J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

## The People's Store

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Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;

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Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call

and be Convinced.



# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM  
Editor and Proprietor.

It is a novelty to see a street car run by air, but the companies are often kept going by water.

Cuba is now sending tomatoes to this country. We sent her some mighty fine peaches last summer.

A young man, arrested for stealing, says love tempted him to it. It usually is love in such case—love of stealing.

Why waste so much talk about coal stations? We shall need no coal stations when ships are run by liquid air.

What with the perambulator trust and the coffin trust it may be truly said that combinations pursue us from the cradle to the grave.

The claim that Washington did not write his own farewell address is probably merely a preliminary to the argument that Francis Bacon did.

A news item announcing that the skeleton of a man fourteen feet high has been found in Virginia, is corroborative of the theory that people lived long in old times.

A Mississippi man has invented a ventilated umbrella. The thing now needed is the advent of a transcendent crank who will take out a patent on a good practical form of ventilated picket fence.

George Dewey's crisp refusal to be talked of in connection with the presidency is perfectly characteristic. It is his perfect understanding of what he wants and of what he can do that has made him the admirable naval officer that he is.

A country in which nearly all the people are readers is sure to produce a large crop of authors. During 1898 is said that about seven thousand books were published in the United States, including reprints; and New York City alone turns out every month more than a million copies of magazines. There are all the dailies and weeklies, whose aggregate issues in a year must reach at least three billions. These figures are bewildering, and so is much of the reading matter.

The Zulu clergyman who recently left New York for his African home had some surprises up his sleeve for his simple countrymen. "I shall tell them," he said, "that in the cold of America water becomes so hard that men can walk on it, and I shall confound our medicine men with my alarm clock; I shall take great pleasure in telling them of cities built upon cities to twenty stories high, and of the machines which can talk." It was a pity that Mr. Dube could not take an electric cab with him.

The woman who stood over a tramp with a potato masher and compelled him to work was wise in her day and generation. If she had had a shotgun or a revolver he would not have feared her, knowing full well that the neighbor's cow would be in more danger than he. If she had had a stone he would have felt equally safe. But when she came after him with a potato masher he realized his danger. That was a weapon with which she was familiar, and being a wise hobo, he buckled right down to work and saved two cords of wood.

There need be no apprehension that the action of a divorced husband in sending a \$100,000 wedding gift to his former wife on the eve of her second marriage will become an embarrassing precedent. The average ex-husband's contributions to the comfort of his divorced partner is usually in the form of an alimony check, and not infrequently requires a court mandate to enforce its regularity. There is no option but to conclude that this pioneer in matrimonial affairs will be accorded the isolation of a freak in Hymen's contemporary records.

The new system of addresses and signatures adopted by the government in sending cable messages "plays hob" with the high-sounding titles of some of the officials. But it is cheap and equally certain and direct. Under the new code the adjutant-general of the army of the United States becomes simply "Agwar"—one word instead of nine—which results in a saving in each message of something like \$8. This new scheme has been instituted because a vast amount of money has been thrown away by the use of unnecessary words in official telegraphic communications by cable between various government officers. It was often the case that in the direction and the addresses of these cable dispatches there would be a dozen perfectly superfluous words, for the transmission of which the government had to pay the same as for the words in the body of the dispatch. It is said that one of Shafter's messages, while in Cuba, was addressed to "the Hon. R. A. Alger, Secretary of War, War Department, Washington, D. C." and was signed "W. R. Shafter, Major-General Commanding Fifth Army Corps." These twenty-one words cost the government about \$21. Under the new code the dispatch would have been addressed "Secwar, Washington," and signed "Shafter," and the twenty-one words would have become reduced to three, with a corresponding decrease in telegraph tolls.

In ante-bellum times Cotton was king. Later wheat was on the throne.

Now it is corn. Fed into stock it feeds Europe with meats. Shipped in raw or manufactured condition it has become a great ration of the nations. In the following quotation from a letter written by an Illinois farmer to a Chicago newspaper a striking proof of its pre-eminence is afforded. He says truly that corn is the most important and extensive crop raised in this country, our annual yield being 2,257,000,000 bushels, and he adds: "Few persons can comprehend what an amount this is. If we had a railroad track around the globe, and it was occupied by one solid freight train, with an engine and caboose every quarter of a mile, each car holding 600 bushels, we corn growers could load this train with one year's crop and have some corn left over. We can supply Europe with a carload of corn every twenty seconds, day and night. The annual yield of Indian corn in the United States alone is three times the value of all the gold produced in a year in the entire world. Our export of corn brings more gold from Europe than any article that is sent there." Corn is king.

Has a man a moral right to end an existence that has become burdensome and intolerable? It is an old question and a New York police magistrate has finally decided it. In spite of the opinion of Mr. Ingersoll to the contrary, civilization and social order have decreed that a man has no more right to take his own life than he has to take that of another. But this is the law of morals and of Christianity. It remained for a police magistrate of New York to give a legal ruling on the question. A young man was brought before him charged with having attempted to throw off his mortal burden by turning on the gas. After listening to the young man's story the learned jurist said: "This is a sad case. I believe in suicide, and I think every one has a right to shuffle off when he has nothing in life left for him. When I get so that there is nothing left for me I think that is what I shall do." It is not easy to decide which was the sadder case, that of the police magistrate or the dejected young man who had grown weary of living. There is no justification for this unpunishable crime against society and humanity. Notwithstanding the decision of the police magistrate and the opinion of Mr. Ingersoll it is generally agreed among vertebrates that are capable of ordinary mental perception that the man who commits suicide is a coward. No more pitiful exhibition of cowardice can be conceived than that of the man who is willing to take his life to escape the duties and responsibilities placed upon him by the divine act of creation.

There has been a good deal of criticism on the proposition made by Professor G. Stanley Hall that schoolboys should be taught to fight. Doubtless much of this criticism is based on a misunderstanding of Professor Hall's position, and more on lack of information concerning the subject under discussion. If the results of school training in England may be taken as a criterion, the teaching of boys to be ever ready to answer an infringement on their rights with a knockdown blow has brought most excellent results. To teach a boy that it is "wicked to fight" and that under no circumstances should he engage in a fist fight is to make a "Miss Nancy" of the boy and to injure his future. There is a great deal of difference between bullying and asserting a fearless self-respect. Out in the world the boy, who has become a man, will be greatly influenced by his early training. He will have to combat with his fellow men for supremacy in business, profession, or politics, and if he has been taught that it is "wicked to fight" he will get the worst of the struggle. Courage is a trait which comes to the boy through inheritance, but fearlessness and bravery can and ought to be cultivated. Most assuredly does the timid child need to be taught bravery. To teach the opposite is to ruin the prospects of the lad who has the handicap of inherited timidity to contend with. The youth in our public schools need not be instructed that truculence is a meritorious characteristic, but courage should be taught, and when a fight seems necessary it should not be condemned as wicked.

**Fascinated Sea-Fish.**  
The Prince of Monaco, describing his researches among the inhabitants of the deep sea, says that many sailors wrecked on the Atlantic who have perished of hunger might have saved themselves if they had possessed simple fishing apparatus and known how to use it. Various kinds of sea-fish, according to the prince, are strangely fascinated by any foreign object, such as a log or a boat, floating above them. They will accompany such an object in large numbers for days at a time, occasionally being lured in this way entirely across the ocean. He therefore suggests that all the principal boats of a ship should be permanently provided with fish-lines and hooks and a fish-spear, to be utilized in case the crew or passenger are cast away at sea.

**Speed of Wave and Wind.**  
Waves travel faster than the wind which causes them, and in the Bay of Biscay frequently during the autumn and winter in calm weather a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast twenty-four hours before the gale which causes it arrives and of which it is the prelude.

**The Wrong Ghost.**  
"That clairvoyant said she would show me some ghosts of the past."  
"Well—what of it?"  
"I told her I had come there and planked down good money to find out whether I had a ghost of a future."—Brooklyn Life



## Double Significance of This Memorial Day.

MEMORIAL DAY has a double significance this year that will be given expression in every section of the country, and this very fact will tend to draw more closely together than ever before the blue and the gray. From Maine and Mississippi, from far Oregon and Florida, from every State and Territory of the land, unselfish and valorous volunteers enlisted for the Spanish war. It was Freedom's own fight, and color and nationality cut no figure, sectional prejudice had no part. The result is that a new bond of union is cemented, and in its freshness and true, deep meaning it is with us this Memorial Day vividly.

There are many new graves to decorate, and the heroes of the Cuban campaign will not be neglected. In many instances the son will sleep not far from the last resting place of his honored sire—in others, the surviving comrade of last year will this year have joined that vast army of patriots whose bravery this country is proud and ardent to honor. The mother of some worthy son of one of these chivalrous souls who gave his life righteously, he believed, for the Southland, will clasp hands and mingle tears with the widow of some strict, hardy old New-England, to whom liberty was dear wherever it was deserved. In a common cause each fell.

The memories of the dead soldiers of the war of 1861-5 have come to be a solemn, sacred influence—those of any later dead will be more vivid, more poignant. Alike, they sleep, however, honored, regretted, myrtle-crowned. Every fad flower strewn, while bedewed with the tears of sorrow, smiles up into the face of the giver a benison. Beneath the sod is one who helped to strike the shackles from groaning slavery and persecution!

Half a sigh, half a cheer, the soft, humid Cuban breezes waft westward the prayers and the praise of unusual devotees at places where some of our brave boys fell. To these, our new neighbors, as each Decoration Day comes around, although there appears to them the merest shadow of its general celebration in this country, the holy sentiment of sympathy cannot fail to exist and find expression.

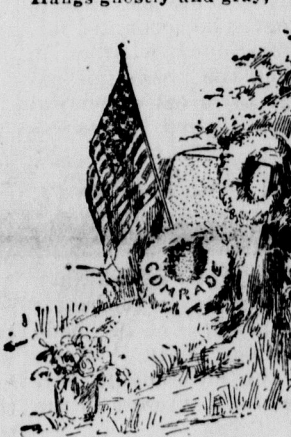
There is an object lesson for the rising youth in the double presentation of this Decoration Day; the garlanded grave of the Union soldier and the garlanded grave of the hero of the Spanish war. We are not a nation of warriors, but we are patriots, steadfast and true, and as from the grand old stock of the days of Washington there descended the brave, impetuous spark of '61, so these noble souls seem to have left to their children and grandchildren the spark divine of courage and devotion, that responds magically quick to the call of distress and the clarion-note of liberty the world over.

### MEMORIAL DAY.

READ softly! A hero is sleeping below. Kneel down here beside him. Which flag did he fight for? What recks it to-day? They are sleeping together. The Blue and the Gray.

My papa oft tells me When soft falls the dew, Or "somebody's" darling, A hero in blue, Who laid down his life On the red field of Mars For the sake of the "old flag." All audited with stars.

And down where the cypress Bends low over the way, Where the moss from the live oaks Hangs ghostly and gray,



Who knows but at twilight Some story is told Of a soldier who died For the "Lost Cause" of old?

They were brothers, these two In memory to-day. We can see them again, The Blue and the Gray. Side by side now they sleep, Beneath the green sod, The pride of two armies Both taken by God.

Bring out the wild blossoms, The darlings of May, The budding June roses, For Blue and for Gray. Pile high the white lilies O'er each hero's breast; Leave God and His angels To watch o'er their rest.

### Which Shall Enlist?

WELL, Ed, I've enlisted! "Have you, though, Tom?" "Yes, sir! I'm one of them!" "Folks won't let you?" "No."

"There's only sixteen more wanted to fill up the company and I've just met three fellows that said they were going up to put their names down," and then Thomas Hines, eighteen years old, lithe-limbed and fair-haired, enumerated to his chum of the same age, Edward Wilkinson, who "the fellows" were, who said that they were going up to enlist.

"Edward, mother wants you to come in to dinner. How do you do, Tom?" and a young light-footed girl of fourteen ran out from the farm house opposite to which the two boys had fronted, and looked half earnestly, half-laughingly, into the eyes of the young man, her neighbor, and her brother's inseparable companion, Thomas Hines.

"Tom has enlisted, Nellie. Now isn't it too bad that my folks won't let me enlist and go to the war?"

"You've enlisted, Tom? Really?" "Yes, Nellie, and I wish Edward would, then we could be always together. Sleep in the same tent, march together and—"

"Fight together!" said the girl, her eyes flashing.

"Yes, Nellie, fight together!" the young man proudly added.

A tall woman with slightly gray hair, who had been standing at the side door of the long white porch of the farm house, now called:

"Come to dinner, children, and you, too, Thomas Hines, come in and eat dinner with us."

The boy would have hesitated, but a hand at either side holding each of his, there was nothing for the young volunteer to do but to accept.

"Enlisted, eh?" said Captain Wilkinson in a gruff voice, as he came in from the field a minute later, where he had been

planting, and took his seat at the head of the table.

"Well, Thomas," he added after a moment's silence, "somebody's got to do it, I s'pose! But you're rather young yet, Tom!"

"Can't Edward go with him, father?" at length asked, in pleading voice, the girl, breaking the silence.

Edward Wilkinson looked up at his sister, a feeling of deep gratitude in his heart, and followed the attack with, "Yes, father, you said once that you'd give your consent, if anybody from right around home here was going that would look out for me."

"But Tom is only a boy himself. I meant some older person."

"And do you want your only brother to go to the war, Nellie?" asked the girl's mother.

"Yes, as he wants to go himself, and besides when it is every one's duty to go who can," said the girl spiritedly. "Besides, too, when his best friend and chum, Tom Hines, is going!"

The three young faces looked earnestly at the head of the table. As they did so a tall, thin-faced woman came and stood in the open door.

Invited in, Mrs. Hines would not take off her things, and said, all breathless, that she had come to know if they had made up their mind to let Edward enlist. She had given her consent to her own son feeling sure that his friend was going also.

"No, Mrs. Hines," replied at length in slow, measured voice, Amos Wilkinson, "Edward has never been very well, and, besides, I must have his help this summer. We must both work out for the neighbors, by day work on their farms when we can get time, to meet the bills that's due."

"But did you hear about the town meeting this morning, what they did?"

"No, what?"

"Voted to give every man in the new company a bounty of two hundred dollars in advance."

At the words the face of the hard-featured farmer flushed. Looking at him his hand could be seen to tremble. He was not an avaricious, grasping man, but the sterile little rocky New England farm he tilled made him think, in a practical way, in order that both ends should meet. This had been one of the weightiest reasons against his son's enlistment, but he had not mentioned it before. The other was the frailty of the young man. But now, as he sat there, he thought of the mortgage of two hundred dollars upon the little place, and a note coming due in the summer.

The color came and went to the man's face, but no, he would not sell his boy's life, or the risk of that life. Rising, as all sat and looked upon him in the silence watching the struggle, he said, a determined look upon his face, and with flashing eyes, in a low tone:

"Edward is not going to enlist, but I am. I will go myself!"

As a thunderbolt the words came upon the devoted family.

"Edward, you can take care of the farm," he said, and then turning to Mrs. Hines, "perhaps I can look out for your boy better at the front than another boy of the same age could."

The next day the Allentown company, enlisted to its full complement of one hundred and one men, marched proudly down the street of the old town, and at its head, beneath the flag upon its staff on the town's green, the company halted. No captain that had ever stepped before a volunteer company looked better fitted



MARCHING AWAY TO WAR.

for his place than did Amos Wilkinson, the old State militia captain, the company's choice.

A modest, retiring man, he had no thought of the place he was elected to fill, when, the day before, he had enlisted.

So it was that the Allentown company reported at the State camp, and after, with its regiment, reported at the Heights of Alexandria, and in all the marches and battles of the Army of the Potomac, beneath Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania skies, the farmer, citizen, soldier of Allentown did his whole part in cheering on and leading his men. First, as captain, then secondly as major and again lieutenant colonel, to finally fall when, upon that awful June morning of 1864, in the fiery fatal loop of Lee, the division of Martindale fell as a living wall at Cold Harbor.

"I was to watch over you, Sergeant," he said, as, dying, his orderly, Sergeant Hines, bent over him—Col. Wilkinson. "Tell—tell—tell your—your but the death rattle sounded, the eyes put on a vacant stare, and another brave officer of the Army of the Potomac was no more."

The remains of Col. Wilkinson rest in his own village cemetery at Allentown.

There, each year, as sad Memorial Day comes round, the widow of Captain Hines, who died a year later from a gunshot wound received among the last fired before Richmond, and the daughter of the town's brave hero, Col. Wilkinson, with her little one, trims the flowers above these graves.

And with them, too, another grave, for Edward Wilkinson, the frail youth, could not stand the work he tried to do at home, and died even before the war ended. But the bravery and determination of a father at the front strengthened and disciplined a regiment.—The Bouquet.

### KENTUCKY'S WAR MONUMENT.

Erected to the Memory of Union and Confederate Soldiers.

The fact that bitterness no longer exists between the North and South was celebrated recently by the erection of the first monument ever raised to the joint memory of Federal and Confederate soldiers. It is, appropriately, the work of the State of Kentucky and stands on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Kentucky had seventeen Union and nine Confederate organizations at Chickamauga. The monument stands at the spot where the Fourth Kentucky regiment of the Union army met and fought the Fifteenth Kentucky regiment of the rebel forces.

Gov. Bradley, on behalf of the State, turned over the monument to the United States Government. This is the inscription on the stone:

ERECTED BY THE STATE OF KENTUCKY IN HONOR OF HER SONS WHO FOUGHT AND FELL ON THIS FIELD.

As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the nation's flag.

### The Greatest National Feast.

No more purely national feast than Decoration Day could be possible. To the rest of the world May 30 is merely a day at the close of the last spring month. To the patriotic dweller in the land of Uncle Sam how much more! It is customary to call Americans, as a nation, laughing and fickle yet who, viewing the vast throngs assembled in every city and hamlet to do honor to the glorious dead, can believe this true? Rather would the stranger on our shores be impressed by the fact that patriotism is strong within us. For in the national holidays may surely be read the character of the people as it can be read in no other way. Croakers there will always be, but we can afford to disregard them. The future of a nation is safe in the hands of those who reverence its noble past.

Remember the heroes who years ago fought for their country and ours And cover the graves of those noble brave with fragrant, beautiful flowers.

### SIMPLE METHODS

Which Will Reveal the Adulteration of Food Articles.

Considering the prevalence of adulterations in different articles of daily consumption for food, it behooves the wise housekeeper to know a few simple tests to ascertain whether she is buying what she asks for and not a whole lot of substances that do not belong to it at all. In most cases it would take a long and expensive chemical analysis to determine exactly what and how much adulteration there is in the article, but the following tests will give a relative idea of the pureness of the substance under suspicion: To test water for its palatability put, say half a pint in a colorless glass-stoppered bottle, dissolve a small amount of cane sugar in it and allow it to stand in a moderately warm place for a week or ten days. If the water remains clear it is probably all right, but if it becomes turbid it is unfit for drinking. To test tea for strength an infusion should be made. If the decoction is very highly colored the leaves have been tampered with. Prussian blue is often used to color tea with. When this is suspected add a solution of potash to the tea and it will remove the color if Prussian blue is present. The color can be renewed by the addition of a little vinegar. The detection of the addition of chicory, caramel or some of the sweet roots to coffee is quite easy. Throw a few grains of the finely ground coffee on the surface of a glass of clear water. If any of the adulterants mentioned are present they will be rapidly surrounded with a circle of brownish colored water, which will soon diffuse through the whole liquid. Pure coffee under these circumstances will remain colorless for at least fifteen minutes. Solid matter in sugar can be detected by simply dissolving some of it in clear water and allowing it to stand, when the solid impurities will settle down to the bottom. In buying canned goods press up the bottom of the can. If it rattles like a piece of tin, decomposition may be beginning on the inside. If, on the contrary, it is firm and solid the contents of the can are all right. Vinegar can be tested for the presence of oil of vitriol by adding a few drops of a solution of chloride of barium, which will deposit a white sediment on standing. If a few drops of a solution of lunar caustic gives a white precipitate when added to the vinegar it contains hydrochloric acid. Pickles are often boiled in copper kettles to give them a green color, which is poisonous. Hold a bright needle in the vinegar from the pickles, and if they have been so treated copper will deposit on the surface of the needle. Table salt always contains a certain percentage of magnesium chloride. Too much of this causes the salt to become sticky in damp weather and gives it a bitter taste. Add finely ground starch to overcome this. Yeast that has a blue appearance should be rejected, as it is commencing to decay. Good baking powder is soluble in eighteen times its own weight of water. If there is much residue left over after this the powder has been adulterated with gypsum. Add a little lye to the solution of the baking powder and heat it to boiling. If there is ammonia present it can be detected by the smell in the steam. To test it for alum add to the baking powder solution a little decoction of logwood and then some vinegar. If there is alum present it will turn yellowish, or if there is very much alum it will become a purplish-blue hue.

### MME. PATTI

Sang to One Little Girl While Thousands Waited.

Mme. Patti, the world's greatest singer, used to come to America often, and it was during a short stay in this country that she once gave a concert to a delighted audience of one, and that one was a little girl of 12. In her room at the hotel one day the great prima donna was distressed to hear a child crying somewhere near. As the pitiful sobbing increased the gentle singer's tender heart was touched, and she went in search of the sufferer and finally found her curled up on a couch with her face in a pillow weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my little one?" she asked, kindly.

"Oh, sobbed the little girl, "my mamma had two tickets for a concert this afternoon and she promised to take me to hear Patti sing, but a friend of hers came to visit us, so she has taken her and I had to stay at home, when I do so love music!" and the sobs broke out afresh.

"Well," said Mme. Patti, touching the flushed face with her cool hand, "you have cried till no doubt your head aches sadly; now if you will try to go to sleep and forget all your troubles I will sing to you. I can sing a little," she added with a merry smile, seating herself at the piano. Then for an hour such a flood of entrancing melody poured forth as the walls of that little room had never echoed to before and never would again, while an astonished child listened enraptured, and an impatient audience waited and wondered why their sweet singer did not come.

It was not until the next day, when a box of bonbons arrived for the little girl, who never regretted the concert her mamma had failed to take her to, that the identity of the guest who had comforted her so sweetly became known through a tiny card tucked away among the chocolate creams that bore this legend: "With love from Adolina Patti to the little girl she sang to sleep yesterday."

A man is not really prominent until he has officiated at three prominent funerals.

A horse shoe nailed on the front of your house will not overcome laziness.



## THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 258 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. AMOS TROMBLEY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

## A Lock of His Hair.

A venerable, white haired clergyman recently preached in the parish of a friend. He had hardly got back to the vicarage from the church when the doorbell rang and a charming girl of 18 asked to see him. He received her. They talked about the sermon and other things until finally she asked diffidently:

"Oh, won't you please give me a lock of your hair?"

"Certainly, my child," said the old gentleman, flattered at the request. "I'll send it to you tomorrow," and he did.

On his return to his own home he had five more requests of the same kind, and he proudly boasted to his wife that he was glad to see that he had not yet lost his power to please. All went well until his wife received this note:

"Dear Mrs. —, won't you please ask your husband to send me just a little lock of his hair? We have all been taking lessons in making hair flowers. So many of the other girls asked him—and he sent it to them—that I thought I would rather ask you to get it for me. Won't you please do this for me? It is so hard to get white hair for lilies of the valley."

This was a terrible blow, and the less now said about locks of hair in that old gentleman's presence the better.

## Obedient Sadie.

Little Sadie (who has been told she must thank God for everything whether it seemed good or not)—"Thank God again, mamma! I've broken your rose jar!"

## CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief, such as my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."

AYER'S, HUNT, 1089 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



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ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Bloating. Do not Grip or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. **DR. BOSANKO** CO., Philad., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

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**FISCH'S CURE FOR CHILLS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.** Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



Judge Wheaton A. Gray, recently elevated to the Supreme Court commission, was hearing a criminal case in Fresno, and on a warm day, at the end of a long harangue by the prosecuting counsel, he noticed one of the jurymen asleep. As soon as the argument was completed, the Judge addressed the jury in this peculiar manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney has completed his argument; wake up and listen to the instructions of the court."

Since Joseph Choate's appointment as ambassador to England, one of his wittiest sayings is being retold. It was made over a private dinner-table at which he and Mrs. Choate were guests. Some one inquired of him who he would like to be if he could not be himself. He paused a few seconds, as if thinking over the list of world celebrities, and then his eye rested upon his wife. "If," he answered, "I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Senator Caffery's constitutional argument was listened to at one time by six Senators. One of these was Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin. Senator Caffery read an extract in the course of his remarks which attracted Mr. Spooner's attention. Perhaps it had a familiar sound. At any rate, he began to manifest some curiosity. "From what is the Senator reading?" he asked Mr. Caffery. The Louisiana Senator turned around with a surprised, not to say, an injured air. "I am reading," he said, with crushing emphasis, "from the Constitution of the United States."

Mme. Modjeska and her company were playing one winter in the extreme North, much to the discomfort of Count Rozenta, the Polish star's husband, who hates the chilly Northern climate. But at that time the show business was at a very low ebb in the South. One particularly cold day Mme. Modjeska found the Count shivering from head to foot, in spite of the steam heat in the hotel. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" he implored, "let us go South for the rest of the season. This climate will kill us." "But, my dear," replied madame, "the South is dead." "Yes," said the Count, "but she is such a beautiful corpse."

A friend of Dewey's recently joined the Admiral at Manila, and made laughing allusion to the many articles named for him since May 1. Dewey's eyes twinkled as he replied: "I did not imagine that little target-practice before breakfast on the first of May would bring a new adjective into the language; but, look here, I have a Dewey watch—and it's a number one watch, too—with a case made from the Maine." Then he continued: "One of the manufacturers who had named a hat after me wished to send me one, and wrote me asking what size I now wore." "And your reply?" he was asked. "Oh, I told him the same size that I wore before May 1."

Sir James Mackintosh, who had been a vehement apologist for the French Revolution, fell later under the influence of Burke, and proclaimed unmeasured hostility to the revolution and its author. Having thus become a strenuous champion of law and order, he exclaimed one day that a certain Irish priest who had negotiated between the revolutionary parties in Ireland and France was the basest of mankind. "No, Mackintosh," replied the sound but pedantic old Whig, Dr. Parr; "he might have been a lawyer. He was a rebel; he might have been a renegade."

In the little village of Chambon, Villenassant, the great editor of Figaro, had his country-house many years ago. Only a little while ago a Parisian visited the church in this little town, and close by the altar he saw hanging the picture of a young woman dressed in black, with a sweet and poetic face. "Bless me, don't I know that face?" he asked himself. Then he went to the priest and asked him where he got the picture. "It is a gift from M. de Villenassant," the priest said; "one day I dined at his house, and I saw this picture on his table. 'Oh, the beautiful saint!' I said. 'Does it please you?' said he; 'then take it along, M. le Cure.' So I brought it here, and there I have put it, in an honorable place near the altar—for it is a very beautiful saint." "May I take it down?" asked the Parisian. He did so, and on the back of it he found a half-faded inscription and signature. It was the lithographed portrait of Mme. Doche in "La Dame aux Camélias."

It required a man such as Theodore Hook to cope successfully with the rapacity of the gentlemen of the hall, in contradistinction to the road, and on one occasion, at all events, he proved himself equal to the task. It is related that once when dining out, before the entertainment came off, provided himself with several bright farthings from the mint, and that when proceeding, after the festivities, to his carriage he discovered several servants, including the cook, awaiting him in the hall, he forthwith slipped a coin into the hand of the latter. The man, glancing at it, noticed the size and bowed low in thanks, under the

impression that he was a sovereign the richer, while Theodore, dispersing largesse of a like nature to the other servants, went on his way rejoicing, nor did he cease doing so when, as he stepped into his carriage, one of the footmen, who had discovered the real value of the pour boire, ran out, saying: "Sir, I think you have made a mistake?" "Not at all, my good man," replied the humorist, with a gracious wave of the hand, "I never give less. Coachman, drive on."

## A NOVEL LICKING.

How an Ingenious Farmer Got Rid of Over Seventy Wolves in a Night.

"When I was a boy," said the man with the wandering eye, "I lived on a farm in the upper part of Vermont, near the Canadian border, and on the shore of a large lake. One hard winter we were greatly troubled by wolves, which were so fierce that the children did not dare to go to school, and pig pens and barnyards were devastated. My father decided that either the wolves or the family would have to go."

"Gathering all the old knives he could find or borrow or buy, he sharpened their blades to a keen point. Then he killed an old cow and collected the blood in a big kettle. With the kettle of warm blood on a sled we drove out on the lake which the wolves used to cross every night from the woods on the opposite shore."

"Father and the men with him, all of whom were old hunters, chipped little narrow slits in the ice into which they inserted the handle of a knife with the keen blade upright, three or four inches of the point showing above the surface. These points were then covered with the blood, which congealed into little mounds the moment it struck the ice. Having done this, which occupied only a few minutes, we all drove home. Next morning there were over 70 dead wolves out on the lake."

"Was the blood poisoned?" somebody asked.

"Not at all," replied the truthful man. "The wolves being very ravenous smelled the mounds of blood and tried to eat them, in doing which they cut deep gashes in their tongues on the concealed knife blades, and as a result of which they all bled to death. That year father made several hundreds of dollars in bounties and from the sale of wolf skins."

## USE OF SALT.

Growing Belief that the Mineral Is Not Very Wholesome.

For many centuries it has been the common belief that salt and much of it is necessary to the human system. Few people are aware that on an average the food we eat contains sufficient of the mineral for all ordinary purposes. Many physicians, on the contrary, are now tending to the belief that salt is moderately, if not highly, deleterious to the system. It is true that certain animals require it in large quantities, but this does not hold for the human race. Sailors, who are confined almost entirely to the use of salty food, suffer ills unspeakable on long voyages. The use of salt is purely a habit, and, although those who have been addicted to the use of it for years would undoubtedly suffer if they were to break off suddenly, there is no reason why they cannot reform gradually. Condiments in any form are beginning to be generally decried by the hygienists.

## Unsound Advice.

So many schools are studying Millais, beautiful picture, "The Angelus," in connection with the poem of the same name, that it is interesting to catch a glimpse now and then of the great painter in some light that brings him in closer touch with us, and here is a bright little story that well illustrates the fact that true greatness is often unappreciated. One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture "Chill October" among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the River Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking first at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in broad Scotch dialect:

"Man, did ye never try photography?"

"No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly.

A pause. "It's a handle quicker," said the man.

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

Another pause, then the Scotchman added thoughtfully: "An' it's mair like the place."

## Workshops of Famous Men.

An attractive feature of the Paris exposition will be an exact representation of the studios or working rooms of famous actors, dramatists and musicians. The rooms in which Talma, Mars, Rachel, Gounod and Dumas the younger studied will be faithfully represented, even to the most minute details.

The study of the younger Dumas will attract special attention, as it will surely remind every one of the elder man and of his "Three Musketeers," and will present in vivid contrast, as it were, the different methods of working of the two men—the hasty, impulsive method of the elder Dumas, and the slow, painstaking method of the younger.

## Overshoes for Dogs.

Probably M. Vivier, the Parisian dog tailor, is not sorry that here is a fad for equipping pet dogs with overshoes. M. Vivier has a monopoly of the fashionable canine trade in Paris, and says that it is harder to fit a blanket to a dog than a gown to a woman.

## Banana Juice.

The juice of the banana, being strong in tannin, makes an indelible ink and shoe blacking.

It's surprising how good a cucumber tastes early in the season.

## Well Answered.

In the early part of this century there lived in Nantucket a young Quakeress whose wit caused many a ripple in the demure circle of the Friends.

When this pretty Martha attended yearly meeting in Newport at the age of 18, her youthful spirits brought her occasional grave looks from the elders, although her real goodness of heart was never questioned.

One evening, during the session of yearly meeting, Martha was the center of a group of young people gathered near the windows of the parlor in the boarding house where some of the Friends lodged for the time. The young people were playing the simple and amusing game of "humorous definitions." Martha's wit caused such frequent laughter that a solemn faced person rose from his seat at the other end of the room and asked, in a loud, stern voice:

"Martha, can thee give me the definition of gravity?"

The pretty Quakeress colored at this public and unnecessary rebuke, but after scarcely perceptible hesitation, she answered demurely:

"I am not able to give thee a definition of my own. Friend Brown, but perhaps that of De la Rochefoucauld will suit thee. He says that 'gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.'"—Youth's Companion.

## "Corpse Coins."

"Corpse coins" are treasured in the north of England. They are the coins that have lain over the eyes of their dead. By this means infection has been spread, but superstition causes the custom to continue. A poor collier or peasant would never think of doing anything important unless he had on his person coins that have been upon the eyes of his dead relatives.

There was a young man from Lenore,  
Who boldly went off to the war;  
The "beef" made him sick,  
He recovered quite quick,  
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

## They Would Get There.

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills and illustrated by diagrams of the frame of man. "That," he explained, pointing out a totally different spot, "is where man's liver is."

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is."

"Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the lecturer. "If it was in his big tee or his left ear my pills would reach it and shake it for him. On that you can bet your gig lamps."



## An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.  
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

## CATARRH OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.

The Reason Why So Many Women Are Sick.



Mrs. Eliza Wike, 100 Iron St., Akron, O.

Mrs. Eliza Wike says: "I would be in my grave now if it had not been for your God-sent remedy, Pe-ru-na. Everybody says I am looking so much better. No doctor could help me as Pe-ru-na did. I was a broken-down woman. It is now seven years past that I was cured."

Mrs. Sarah Gallitz, of Luton, Ia., also writes: "I was suffering with the change of life. I had spells of flowing every two or three weeks, which would leave me nearly dead. I had given up hope of being cured, when I heard of Dr. Hartman's remedies and began to use them. I am entirely cured, and give all the credit to Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin."

A healthy woman is becoming more and more rare. But comparatively few women who are suffering with catarrh know that this is the case. Their trouble is called dyspepsia, heart trouble, female weakness, weak lungs, nervous debility; indeed, almost the whole category of medical terms has been applied to catarrh of some organ

of the female anatomy. If these women would only realize that their trouble is probably catarrh of the organs peculiar to women or pelvic organs, and cure themselves with Pe-ru-na, how much unnecessary suffering would be saved.

Mrs. G. C. Worstell, Clarksburg, W. Va., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman. This is only one of hundreds of similar letters which the Doctor receives from thankful women. Mrs. Worstell says: "I trust that no one will think from this that I want my name in public for any cause only to let sufferers know where they may find relief from many ailments. I can truly say I have been much benefited by the use of Pe-ru-na. I feel better than I have for two years. It is the best medicine that I know for female troubles. I have taken medicine from the doctors and found no relief; but when I began taking Pe-ru-na I could see that before I had taken the first bottle that it was doing me good. I recommend it to all suffering women. I think that it is the best medicine in the world. I can't say enough in its favor. You can publish this if you like."

Dr. Hartman has written a book entitled "Health and Beauty" especially for women. It treats of female catarrh in all its different phases and stages. It is profusely illustrated and contains common sense talks on subjects which should interest every woman. This book will be sent free to any woman who addresses Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.



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One 4 H. P. Hercules Engine.  
One 12 H. P. Hercules Engine.  
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## HUNDREDS ARE CURED

every month, of some disease that they supposed was incurable. Pains in the back, sleeplessness, tired feeling, etc. The remedy must get at the seat of the disease—

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will do it every time. The thousands who have used it are loud in their praises. It's only \$1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

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## Best Prescription for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form.

Grove's is the only Chill cure that is sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. Every dealer is authorized to guarantee Grove's. No cure No Pay. Price 50c.



First Tasteless Tonic ever manufactured. All other so-called "Tasteless" Tonics are imitations. Ask any druggist about this who is not PUSHING an imitation!

## THE TRADE DEMANDS GROVE'S.

**PARIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.** Gentlemen:—We wish to congratulate you on the increased sales we are having on your **Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**. On examining our record of inventory under date of Jan. 1st. we find that we sold during the Chill season of 1898, 2260 dozen **Grove's Tonic**. Please rush down order enclosed herewith, and oblige,

Yours truly, **MEYER BROS. DRUG CO.**



## THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

## REMINISCENT.

The Falls City (Nebraska) Journal came to us last week under new management, Marsh & May having succeeded the old firm of Martin & Martin.

While this incident is of no interest to the great majority of our readers, we take it for granted they will pardon this digression and permit us for this once to indulge in a bit of reminiscence, for the Journal is an old friend and was our first love. It was in March, 1870, we first met, and the attachment then formed lasted until June, 1871. During that brief, bright, particular period, W. S. Stretch was manager, the writer was editor and Ed. W. Howe stuck type on the paper. W. S. Stretch (God bless his memory) has long since crossed the dark river and joined the great majority on the other shore; whilst Ed. Howe, as editor of the Atchison Globe, has become a journalistic light whose wise sayings and witty paragraphs are everywhere current, and quoted (at par) from Maine to California.

In those days it was the "Nemaha Valley Journal", and the only paper published in Falls City. The little town has expanded into a fair-sized city and the little paper has become a big, strong and substantial journal. Prominent among the old timers of the little town of that time were U. S. District Judge Elmer S. Dundy, Attorneys-at-law Isham Reavis, E. S. Towle and August Schoenheit; merchants, Dan Reavis, Dave Holt, James Cameron and Bob Cain; landlords Isaac Minnick and Joseph C. Good, Judge Marvin, Squire Dorrington, Squire Frank, Dr. Hannah and Anderson Miller. These men were founders and builders and a power in their time, and the young city of Falls City and its prosperous journal certify their sterling worth.

The English ovation to Admiral Dewey at Hong Kong is simply a sample of honors to be paid our American hero by the people of all countries he may touch on his homeward voyage. What sort of reception awaits his home coming may be left to the imagination.

President Jordan of Stanford has been made an anti-imperialist vice-president and had his name enrolled with those of a not large, but loud, coterie of political mugwumps, whose paramount issue is "pull down the American flag."

The San Francisco Examiner denounced Gov. Gage for signing the prize fight act, but that will not prevent the Examiner from printing from a half page to a page daily from now until after June 9th to boom those two big bruisers, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

## WORK IN FOREST PRESERVATION.

A National Bureau of Forestry is destined to be one of the most important branches of the Government. Practical foresters in the United States are scarce. In fact, about the only ones are the lumbermen, and their forest training is all in one line. The Forester of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, is arranging to take a forestry class with him into the forests of the Far West for the purpose of studying forest preservation. Their expenses will be paid by the Government and they will be utilized by him as assistants, at the same time receiving practical instruction in lines of work for which there is sure to be a demand in this country, as the question of practical forestry comes more and more to the front and the need of forest preservation is realized.—Ex.

The waters which cause the Missouri river floods come from the mountains in Montana and Wyoming, where vast interior basins and mountain valleys exist which could be readily converted into great reservoirs. The filling of these reservoirs by the rains and melting snows would prevent the floods below and make the construction of works to protect the banks unnecessary. In his report Captain Chittenden shows that the great flood on the Missouri in 1861 could have been controlled by

storage basins with a total surface area of 56 square miles 31 feet deep and the reservoirs surveyed by him had a surface area of 47 square miles 31 feet deep and could have been built for \$2,500,000. One great flood will do more damage than this, destroying the banks, silting up the navigable channel, filling it with sags, and working enormous damage by the overflow of adjacent territory. And yet, when the application is made for an appropriation to build these storage reservoirs and prevent these floods, the wisacres from the East hold up their hands in horror and exclaim that the West has no rivers and harbors to improve and the East must continue to take the lions' share of the River and Harbor Bill, while the Missouri River floods go on to the sea, leaving destruction in their wake.—Exchange.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the new cup challenger, has named his new yacht the Shamrock, but every man of his crew is either English or Scotch. What kind of a half-way Irishman is he, anyhow?—S. F. Bulletin.

It is interesting to wonder what other nation on the face of the earth would fight the Filipinos to a standstill, as we have done, and then offer them, not only complete amnesty, but just as liberal a scheme of government as was proposed for them before ever they disturbed the peace.—S. F. Bulletin.

## The Discovery of an Artist.

In the Cathedral of Nantes, France, there is a monument to Francis II of Bretagne and his wife Margaret which is considered one of the masterpieces of French sculpture. It is over 300 years old, and until twenty odd years ago no one knew to whom to ascribe it. Then by chance an old stone slab was discovered in the same cathedral bearing the following inscription:

"I, Michel Colomb, was a poor forsaken boy whose only home was the high road, where alone God and our Bretagne saints watched over me. I often forgot to eat and drink while looking at the stonecutters who made the beautiful stone crosses for the holy place in the diocese of Leon, and I myself carved small images with a wretched knife, when worthy priests took compassion upon me, fed me and said to me: 'Work, thou little one, and look as much as thou pleasest at the carved belfry and at the beautiful work of the guild (sculptors). Look at all this, love the good God, the mild Saviour and the blessed Virgin Mary. Then thy name shall be honored in the diocese of Leon and in the beautiful Bretagne.' This I did for a long while that I might become a good workman, and then our Duchess Anna gave me an order to cut a monument to our gracious Duke Francis II and the Duchess Margaret." —Harper's Bazar.

## The Peculiar Danes.

"The Danes," wrote Julian Ralph from Copenhagen, "are not satisfied with the alphabet. They have invented a twenty-seventh letter, which is an O with a mark run through it diagonally from the north northwest to the south southeast, and this amazing letter comes in most of the words. They are so proud of it that they paint it, all by itself, in heroic size on the front of the second stories of the tram cars. Always used to think that when a British or Russian or Swedish prince came here to get a wife all he had to say was, 'Wijll yjou mjarry mjo?'"

"But I didn't know a great deal of Danish then. In fact, I only knew the word 'tandstikker,' which means 'randid match'—at least I think so after using these matches all over the world. Since I have come here I've not only discovered the O with a skewer through it, but I find that the language is so impossible that the Danes themselves have given it up. They spell Copenhagen Kjøbenhavn, Kjøbenhavn, Copenhague and Coepenhavn."

## Smoking Vampires.

Henry Adams of Wichita, Kan., tells this story of the favorite amusement of Americans at the clubs in the City of Mexico:

Frequently in the evenings the vampires, or blood sucking bats, fly into the open windows of the clubrooms. The Americans then close the doors and catch the bat by throwing a shawl over it. One of the men lights a cigarette, opens the bat's mouth and inserts the cigarette therein. The creature is then turned loose. Its soft mouth contracting closely, the cigarette is immediately seized firmly.

Every time the bat breathes it draws in the smoke and then exhales it. Thus, flying around the room, smoking the cigarette wildly and puffing out clouds of smoke, it presents a strange appearance. The smoke generally kills the bat before the cigarette is all smoked up.

## A Professional Opinion.

"That young Pellet has altogether too exalted an opinion of his profession. When old Borax was out of town, the Gridleys called Pellet. Jane Gridley asked him if he thought he could pull her father through. 'I trust, madam,' he severely replied, 'to be able to parry the shafts of death!'" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Palpably Unjust.

"Millie, dear, what is your papa's objection to me?"

"He says you don't seem to have any definite object or purpose in life, Harry."

"Yet he knows I've been coming to see you for five straight years!" —Chicago Tribune.

The only way to win an argument with a woman is to walk off when you have stated your side of it.—Roxbury Gazette.

## OUR NATION.

[Written for the "Enterprise."]

Come draw thee near, my children dear,  
A tale I'll tell to thee.  
Of what it sprung victorious from,  
This nation of the free.

Mid cannons flash and sabers clash,  
Mid fierce war's wildest storm  
A crown was crushed when Freedom rushed,  
Our Nation there was born.

By God, the last, our fate was cast,  
Our State from tyrants wrung,  
Our mold was yield of battle field—  
Our God's sword-arm we sprung.

Our flag, take heed! 'tis Kings we rede,  
Where floats 'tis holy ground;  
Who flouts its fold, no pow'r can hold  
Through all this world around.

We're called by God, full power shod,  
And fraught with soaring mind—  
By tyrants' breath, where Freedom's death,  
By Tyranny is planned.

And hence, it flows, we deem as foes,  
Men moved on sea or land:  
By tyrants' breath, where Freedom's death,  
By Tyranny is planned.

By God, I said, our fate was sped:  
Through God we draw our plan:  
Before our dawn, men crown's come down,  
With God we'll lead the van.

Our flag, I said, when'er o'er head,  
Where floats 'tis holy ground:  
By God's sword-arm we sprung,  
O'er all this earth around.

—DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

The last, I said, where Freedom bled,  
Was carved by God's right hand—  
We're planned for storm, for war's alarm—  
For conquerors we're planned.

And hence, it flows, we deem as foes,  
Men moved on sea or land:  
By tyrants' breath, where Freedom's death,  
By Tyranny is planned.

By God, I said, our fate was sped:  
Through God we draw our plan:  
Before our dawn, men crown's come down,  
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—DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

Hunting Tigers in Persia.

The people of different countries have different ways of hunting the tiger. Traps, pitfalls, spring guns and nets are called into play. The Chinese are said to employ the mirror to lead the animal into a trap. The tiger's curiosity is excited when he sees his image in the glass, and he immediately proceeds to investigate the mystery. The Persian manner of conducting the hunt, as this is described in Chambers' Journal, is more sportsmanlike.

A spherical, strongly woven bamboo cage, with intervals of a few inches between the bars, is erected in some spot near the haunts of the tiger. This cage is firmly and securely picketed to the ground. Inside, a man provided with several sharp and powerful stabbing spears, or with a keen and pointed sword, takes his post at night, with a dog or a goat as his companion. There he wraps himself in his blanket and goes to sleep.

In due time the tiger makes his appearance, the man is waked by his four footed companion, and after vainly snuffing and prowling round the cage to find an entrance the tiger rears against the walls.

The man instantly takes advantage of the brute's unprotected position, and with a resolute stroke of the spear or the sword puts him to death.

## Why He Failed.

The Michigan Tradesman suggests, in the course of an anecdote, the reason why a certain old fashioned tradesman came to fail. When one of his creditors reached the place, after this catastrophe, he found the merchant working hard to figure it all out.

"Land, but I don't see why I should fail!" he kept on saying. "Mebbe, though, I didn't collect sharp enough."

"You have a heap of goods round here," said the other, looking about him.

"Yes, more or less."

"When did you take the last inventory?"

"Inventory? Take everything down?"

"Yes."

"And make out a list?"

"Yes."

"And dust off the shelves and mop the floor?"

"That's it."

"And clean the windows and paint the front of the store?"

"Yes."

"I never went into that. I was going to one day about 15 years ago, but they had a wrestling match in town, and I forgot the inventory. Mercy on me, but I can't understand why I should fail!"

How Bock Beer Got Its Name.

Maximilian of Bavaria, the first elector, consulted an English physician regarding his consort's sickness, who prescribed for her some "Buckingham Double (strong) Beer." After importing some several times at great expense, Maximilian decided to send his court brewer to Buckingham to become familiar with the production and manipulation of said unexcelled brew. Upon the brewer's return to Munich the Buckingham beer (then abbreviated in name to Buck, later Bock, beer) was henceforth brewed there and was for the first time served at the electoral family's table on Maximilian's day, Oct. 12, 1628.

At first only used as a medicinal potion, it soon became generally introduced as a pure food and was ordered to be brewed hereafter two weeks before the two weeks after Corpus Christi day.

## American Speech.

The faults of American speech, according to an authority on the subject, originate in the primary school. The child is not taught the melodic value of his phrase. He is allowed to use the throat instead of the tongue, and the flow of speech becomes, therefore, halting and guttural.

"Educate your alphabet and you will find your language as mellow as any of the family of Latium," is the advice given. "Your 'r's are throaty, your 'm's are too labial, your 's's are too hissing, your 'c's are not soft enough. When you can train your scholars to emit these and the other consonants within the pitch, using the tongue instead of the throat for their emission, then you will see that for rhythm and sonority your English language may be compared with the Tuscan, the Roman, the Spanish and the Provencal."

## A MIGHTY HARD PROBLEM.

The One of Inventing a Bottle That Can't Be Refilled.

"I read a little interview not long ago," said a New Orleans grocer, "with a man who purported to give some particulars concerning the much talked of nonrefillable bottle problem. He said, among other things, that there was a standing reward of \$10,000 for a practical solution, and I had to smile to note how a fable, once set adrift, is continually vitalized by repetition. I happen to know something about the bottle question, and I can state positively and authoritatively that there has never been a reward of \$10,000 or any other amount for such a device."

"The impression probably originated with a circular that was prepared years ago by a convention of northern distillers. It was designed for the information of inventors and stated briefly and clearly just what was essential to a practical nonrefillable bottle—what the working part should be made of, what tests it should be able to sustain, what it should cost in quantity, and so on. I doubt whether there is now a copy of that circular in existence, but it unquestionably gave rise to the story that the whisky men of the country were hot after a bottle that couldn't be refilled and had offered an enormous reward for the same."

"The Lord only knows how many lives have been wrecked by that yarn. Next to perpetual motion it has been the great asylum feeder of the mechanical world. The problem looks easy enough on the surface and upward of 50 patents have been taken out on different devices, but none of them works under all conditions. The favorite scheme is a ball valve which would be closed automatically by pressure from above, but it is readily worked by a wire or an air pump."

"At first the liquor men and makers of proprietary remedies that were largely counterfeited encouraged investors in the line, but after repeated failures they finally came to the conclusion that the thing couldn't be done and have given it up altogether. Nevertheless the cranks still persevere, and every now and then one reads of a new bottle that works like a charm. But you never see them on the shelves, and I make bold to say you never will." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## THE EVILS OF FLIRTATION.

Those Who Engage In It Grow Incapable of Steadfast, Enduring Love.

"In flirtation there is the same dissipated element of excitement so beguiling in gambling—uncertainty—in fact, we might add to the dictionary definition a still later one, 'To flirt, gambling in hearts,'" writes Frances Evans, "About Men," in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"The flirt, like the gambler, feeds upon the intoxication of his passions. In a few years he becomes incapable of steadfast, enduring love, that feeling which in civilized man is separated from the love of the barbarian by the element of idealism, of spiritual sympathy as distinct from merely the attraction of brute nature. The open minded, open souled, manly man is apt to express himself in abrupt praise of what he likes, but the flirt knows better than to take the edge off of a compliment by giving it publicity. The flirt is invariably confidential in his manner. A flirt becomes unscrupulous in his relations with women, no matter how high a code of honor he may abide by in other matters. His conscience is calloused on one side beyond remedy. There is no germ which develops more rapidly than the flirtations bacteria."

Given a young man or woman whose pride is wounded more deeply than his or her love by a member of the opposite sex, then, if there be a slight flirtations tendency to begin with, it will be but overnight before the weed has grown to surprising proportions, choking out conscience and kindness while it supports and strengthens vanity, which stands close by wounded affections in the human heart."

## Would Have Done the Same.

Rudyard Kipling undoubtedly got his wit from his maternal grandfather, the Rev. George B. MacDonald, a Wesleyan clergyman. It is related of this bright MacDonald that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterward married the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair.

Deeply shocked by this spectacle the old man solemnly said: "Mr. MacDonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other."

Macdonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown." —Troy Press.

## Where the Funds Went.

As an instance of the happy go lucky character of the early daky the following extract from the Albany city records may prove interesting:

"In 1826 the trustees of the African Baptist church applied to the common council for permission to circulate a public subscription paper in aid of the funds of the church. It was moved to lay the petition on the table, pending investigation, for the reason that the principal part of the funds secured by a previous subscription for the African church had been used by the trustees in 'treating themselves to hot suppers.'" —Albany Argus.

## A New Kind of Coal.

In a paper on the dialect of Newfoundland Dr. Patterson says, "We have heard of a good janitor of a church who had his feelings hurt by being obliged to use 'antichris' coal."

## THE . COURT.

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## TOWN NEWS.

May showers.  
Memorial day—next Tuesday.  
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Hon. A. F. Green of Millbrae was in town Tuesday.

A. L. Lown of Redwood City was in town Monday.

Frank Nunes is putting the finishing touches on his cottage No. 2.

Mrs. M. Petrousky, we regret to learn, has been quite ill the past week.

Born.—In this town, Monday, May 22, 1899, to the wife of E. Hoffman, a son.

County Surveyor W. E. Gilbert was in town on official business Wednesday.

Billy Neff was burned out again in the fire at Jerome, Arizona, the other day.

Gene Rogers of Colma has gone to work in the sheep gang at the packing house.

Born.—In this town, Wednesday, May 24, 1899, to the wife of J. Mattly, a daughter.

Casca-Ferrine Bitters are great. Only tonic laxative. For sale at Dr. Holcomb's drug store.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, apply to E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Mrs. Lillie Daniels came down from San Francisco Wednesday on visit to her family and friends here.

Mrs. Minnie Jones of the Baden Hotel spent several days the past week visiting friends at Oakland.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Michenerfeld gave a most delightful birthday party at the Armour Hotel.

J. M. Turnell has rented a flat in the Hansbrough Block and has occupied the same with his family.

Rev. Father Cooper will celebrate mass at Butcher's Hall, tomorrow (Sunday) at 11:15 o'clock a. m.

Charles Robinson's cottage is in the hands of the painters and plasterers. Charley expects to occupy it about the first of June.

The school census of this year shows 230 children of school age in this (San Bruno) school district, being a gain of 29 over last year.

The regular services will be held at Grace Mission Church by T. Duncan Ferguson tomorrow (Sunday) at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

Frank Miner has the contract and is putting in a sewer on Commercial avenue from Linden to Maple. Frank will build on his Commercial avenue lots shortly.

A beautiful badge in gold this week and a cozy cottage home next week is good fortune enough to fall to the lot of any one, but nothing is too good for Charley Robinson.

On Wednesday Mr. George Kneese's brother's son arrived in this town direct from London, England. The young man is here on a visit to his uncle and cousins.

The entertainment and ball given by the Woodmen of the World, at McCuen's Hall, on Wednesday evening, was one of the most enjoyable social affairs of the season.

Dr. W. C. Wilcox, Dentist, from Redwood City, will be in South San Francisco the last week of each month. All work guaranteed and done at city prices. Painless filling and extraction of teeth a specialty. Wait for the Doc.

On Friday next, June 2d, the annual election will be held in this (San Bruno) school district at the public school house, in this town, for the election of one trustee to serve for three years, in place of George Kneese, whose term expires. The polls will be open from 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.

Henry Michenerfeld drove to Crystal Springs Lake on Wednesday afternoon in company with a party of friends from San Francisco. The party returned to the Armour at 7 p. m. and participated in the festivities of the evening. There was eating and drinking and music, and everyone joined in celebrating the 24th birthday of their fair hostess.

On Sunday last Wm. Akins left this town full of pleasant anticipations for a visit to his mother at Stockton. On his arrival at the latter place he was met with the sad information that his mother, the object of his love as well as his visit, had died about one hour before he reached the town. The blow was a sudden and heavy one to the young man, who has been a very devoted son and who has the heartfelt sympathy of this entire community in his bereavement.

The city of San Mateo proposes to annex Highland Park and a portion of El Cerito Park. Proceedings in view of holding an election to further the project are under way.—Coast Advocate.

The Board of Trustees of San Mateo have passed the ordinance limiting the number of places where liquor can be sold to 16, the vote standing: For the ordinance—Trustees Kertell, Morse, Ford; against the ordinance—Trustees Hagne and Taylor.—Coast Advocate.

A special meeting of the Board of Supervisors will be held at Redwood City next Friday, when bids will be opened and contract for publishing the delinquent tax list will be awarded. The license ordinance will also come up for discussion and passage.—Coast Advocate.

It has just been discovered that Mrs. Neo Solouga, formerly Mrs. Eddy of this place, who has been an inmate of the County Poor Farm for the past nine years, is a bloated capitalist and has

been imposing on the charity of the county taxpayers ever since October 20, 1890, on which date she entered the Poor Farm, having claimed to be an indigent and in need of food and shelter. A bankbook belonging to her was found among her effects at the farm last week, showing that she has to her credit in the Hibernia Bank of San Francisco nearly \$2000. During her nine years' stay at the county farm she has failed to pay a cent toward her maintenance and has posed as being a pauper. The attention of the Board of Supervisors will be called to the matter next Friday's meeting, and no doubt the wealthy boarder will be dismissed from the institution and efforts made to recoup the county for its nine years' board bill, from the funds in bank.—Coast Advocate.

### A BADGE OF GOLD.

One of the most pleasant features of the Woodmen's entertainment on Wednesday evening was the presentation to Charley Robinson by his fellow craftsmen of Progress Lodge 145 of a beautiful gold badge emblematic of the order and a token of the esteem in which Mr. Robinson is held by his associates.

Al Lynd, as the orator for the occasion, presented the badge in following felicitous speech:

"Neighbor Robinson:—There are moments in the experience of every living soul, when unclouded by passion and unswayed by evil, it stands forth the pure embodiment of kindly feeling, of expectation, of love. Such a moment, in the constant inconstancy of the human heart has now come to your neighbors of this noble order in this town. One year ago, full of bright anticipations as to your future, with great unanimity they called you to stand at the helm, to direct our course as an order for the ensuing year. With a brave heart and a firm hand you accepted the duty and entered upon this discharge. Though its varied and shifting currents your hand has ever been at the wheel, and so steadily directed its course that we, its members, have scarcely perceived even a ripple on the stream over and upon which we have been sailing. True to a noble and determined purpose, you have been our captain; never for a moment forsaking your post, but ever ready to be sacrificed yourself to the trembling bark, freighted with all our best desires, aspirations and hopes, should safely anchor in port, at the close of another year of Woodcraft.

While you have been thus faithful and true, your neighbors in this camp have been laying up in their hearts those feelings for you that manifest a spark of Eden still undying, and which, though dimmed by contact with earthly conditions now, shall exist immortal in the bosom of its Father and its God. Gratitude, love, friendship, neighborly desire for your constant happiness, charity for your failings (for who has them not?) and, above all, a warm, burning and undying flame of love for you as a true man and unfailing friend and a neighbor in Woodcraft, these are the feelings that are now welling up in our breasts for one who, with like gratitude, friendship and charity, has none the less loved us and given his heart and service for us. And, now, Neighbor Robinson, having been charged with more than pleasant duty of giving voice and expression to those feelings of your neighbors, I am too poor in words to say to you all that my heart feels, and I only wish that I had the tongue and words of an angel that you and this audience might know how truly and how sincerely you are esteemed and loved by every Woodman heart in this town. That a slight expression of these feelings might be crystallized into a firm and enduring shape, which should be to you a constant reminder, we have caused to be prepared this beautiful badge. While it is appropriate in design, and is elaborately secured by our emblems in solid gold, it is but a slight token of our feelings at this time. Still, Neighbor Robinson, take it, and as you wear it, may it ever remind you of our esteem, of our love, of our honor and of our remembrance.

## UNION COURSING PARK

Lottie M. Winner of Another Stake.

CONDITION TELLS IN A LONG DAY'S COURSING.

BOHE DEFEATS LADY CLARE IN THE FINAL OF THE PUPPY EVENT.

Mercy May Did Excellent Work After Running-Up on the Hard San Jose Grounds Last Thursday.

Lottie M. won the open stake at Union Coursing Park Sunday by consistent running, due to her prime condition, for which trainer Johnny Maher was given great credit. Though fast herself, there were other dogs in the stake that have more foot, but she was trained to go the route, and she did it, while Lowlander blew up badly in the final, after leading the fast Lawrence to the hare and beating him nicely in the semi-final. In the course before Lowlander got the flag over Luxor, the stake favorite, but to people in the grand stand it looked as if Luxor had won. Those in the field agreed that it was nearly all Lowlander, however. Lowlander had all the luck his owners could ask for throughout. In the final the slips caught in the white collar around Lottie M.'s neck and jerked her back as they were released, giving Lowlander a start of fifteen lengths,

but Lottie M. slowly cut this down, as the Eastern dog was done for.

In a fair trial Sweet Lips beat Wag, the recently imported Australian dog, with ease. The surprise of the day was Mercy May, who ran up in the forty-eight-dog stake at San Jose on Thursday. She beat Eclipse, Pretender and Victor Queen, but the latter lost by quitting on nearing the hare, as she led Mercy May well. The latter gave Lottie M. all she wanted for the first half of their race.

Blackette was better than for months, and Twin City Girl showed more speed and working ability than ever before. False Flatterer, Emin Pasha and Rock Island Boy were not up.

Bohe proved to be the best in the puppy stake, though Lady Clare made a fine showing for a young hound that has been run too much.—S. F. Chronicle.

### Making a Dictionary.

Nearly every one has had the bright idea that it must be a tremendous amount of work to get up a dictionary, but few have any notion of the real size of the task. When Johnson got his famous dictionary started, he calculated that, with six assistants, he could complete the task in three years. It took him nine years instead. He received the small recompense of \$7,500, and had to pay his assistants out of that.

Webster worked 24 years before his dictionary made its bow to the world. Webster was very punctilious in his definitions, and so painstaking that it was a wonder he completed the work when he did.

The words which give the compiler of a dictionary the most trouble are the little one syllable Saxon words. Their history extends back into the Saxon period, and their meaning has become twisted in many directions. Words with pedigrees are the hardest to trace.

When a new dictionary is projected, one man is selected as editor in chief, and he appoints his subeditors. Then appeals are sent out to literary people in general for voluntary contributions in the nature of rare and curious words. There are over 1,000 people who have offered their services in the case of a dictionary now making. They are to read standard works, ancient and modern, in the search for curious words, their origin and meaning. These words, written on slips of paper, are filed in thousands of pigeonholes. Over six tons of clips have been put away. This means 6,000,000 words, but only 1,000,000 will be printed. The amount of work necessary to properly sort these is evident.

### Theaters in New Zealand.

A New Zealand correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes: "The first floor of their theaters is flat, supplied with plain, unpainted wooden benches, with open backs. The balcony, the fashionable place, contains only cheaply upholstered benches, and is badly ventilated. Early door tickets at 12½ cents extra are sold, admitting the holder an hour before the regular doors open, that he may obtain first choice of the unpainted benches. Five minutes before the orchestra appears a big bell, suspended in the theater, is violently rung, making all but the dead jump. Then all knowing ones understand that order is wanted—the stranger probably thinks it a fire alarm bell.

"Every Saturday night in all New Zealand towns the people crowd their leading street. They walk chiefly in the street in preference to the footpath. The girls, women, men and boys, young and old, promenaded up and down the one street, meet friends and stand in groups in the street. An occasional cart, cab or tram, driven at breakneck speed in their midst, makes the people scatter for a moment, with many narrow escapes. Vehicles, trams, cycles, etc., turn to the left instead of to the right."

### Lambs For Spanish Children.

Directly after Lent is observed a custom that is particularly interesting to children. It is what may be termed the sale of the lambs, for on Monday morning after Easter the shepherds have their lambs and goats on sale in all the cities. The animals are kept in temporary pens, and it is the rule for parents to permit their children, of from 5 to 12 years of age, to purchase a pet lamb or goat. After the animal is selected it is taken to the home residence and given the freedom of the courtyard and quite often the greater part of the house. It is every child's ambition to train the pet so that it will at least follow its owner like a dog, and if a few simple tricks are added to the lamb's or kid's education the master or mistress is proud indeed. Girls especially delight in these pets, and often the animals are so bedecked with bows and ribbons as almost to hide their bodies. The sale of the lambs is a very old custom, and is supposed to have originated through some form of the church.—Anglo-American Magazine.

### Why She Was Black.

In describing her visit to one of the mission schools of Africa Miss Kingsley tells of a negro girl of 13 to whom she addressed the question, "What are you studying?" "Eberyt'ing," replied the child. "What do you know?" asked the young woman. "Eberyt'ing," was the answer. "You are the very person I've been looking for," said Miss Kingsley. "Now, tell me why you are black." "Certainly. I'm black because my pa's pa's pa saw Noah without his clothes on."

### A Curious Postal System.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passerby who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters and selects his own, unquestioned by any one.

## THE FINGER TIPS.

Their Remarkable Value in the Identification of Criminals.

In detective novels finger prints left by criminals, preferably in blood, play an important part, but truth seems stranger than fiction in the fact that the finger print system of identifying criminals in India has been made so perfect that it would enable any intelligent person in a few minutes to distinguish the individual, if necessary, from all other persons now living in the world, or, if data were available, from all other persons who have lived since the creation of man.

The system is simplicity itself, and there is none of the elaboration of process or the costly and delicate machinery required for the anthropometric system. All that is needed is a piece of tin, a sheet of paper and some printer's ink. The inked impressions of the ten digits are taken and filed in the proper compartment of the proper pigeonhole, and it is on the classification of records and their distribution into the pigeonholes that the success of the system depends.

Every finger mark shows lines of the "loop," or the "whorl" type, and by a simple table of the combinations of these types in the ten digits 1,034 main classes are made. These are again subdivided according to minor details, and the subdivisions can be further divided ad infinitum if necessary, but with the table before him any person of ordinary intelligence can place his finger on the corresponding card to a record in his hand within five minutes, no matter how many thousands cards there may be.

It is calculated that the chances are about 64,000,000 to 1 against any two persons having single fingers identical, and the chances against all ten fingers being identical go beyond mathematics altogether.

It is customary in the town of Quito, when a visitor takes off his hat upon entering a room, to beg him to put it on again, and, in the absence of permission, leave is generally requested. This, it is said, arises from apprehension that cold will be taken by remaining uncovered.

### Cured the Dryness.

Mother—How did papa's new book get in this condition?  
Bobby—Why, mamma, I heard papa say last night that the book was too dry for him. So I put it in the bathtub and let the water run.

### REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

### NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m.  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is active and steady.  
SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at lower prices.  
HOGS—Hogs are selling at uneven but strong prices.  
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.  
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: 1b (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.  
Cattle—No. 1 fed Steers 10@10½c; No. 2 Steers, 8½@9c; fat grass steers 8½@9c; second quality, 7½@8c; Thin steers 6½@7c.  
No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7½@8c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½@7c; Thin cows, 5@6c.  
Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over 5½@5¾c; under 130 lbs, 5¼@5½c rough heavy hogs, 4@4½c; soft hogs, 4½@4¾c.  
Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½@3¾c; Ewes, 3@3½c; Spring Lambs, \$1 75@2 00 per head, or 4@4¼c live wt.  
Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 6@5½c, over 250 lbs 4@4¼c.  
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:  
Beef—First quality steers, 8@8½c; second quality, 7½@8c; First quality cows and heifers, 7½c; second quality, 6½@7c.  
Veal—Large, 7@8c; small, 9@10c.  
Mutton—Wethers, 7@7½c; ewes, 6½@7c; Spring Lambs, 7@8c.  
Dressed Hogs—7½@8c.  
PROVISIONS—Hams, 11c; picnic hams, 7½c; Alaska ham, 7½c; New York shoulder, 7½c.  
Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12½c; light S. C. bacon, 11½c; med. bacon, clear, 8c; med. bacon, clear, 8½c; clear light, 10c; med. clear, 9½c; light, 11c.  
Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 00.  
Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy 7½c; do, light, 7½c; do, Bellies, 8½c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 00; hf-bbls, \$8 25; Soused Figs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 25; do, kits, \$1 20.  
Lard—Prices are \$9 10:  
Compound 5½ 5¾ 5½ 5¾ 6¼ 6¾  
Cal. pure 7 7½ 7¼ 7¾ 7½ 7¾  
In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.  
Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 10; 1s \$1 15; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 10; 1s, \$1 15.  
Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

## SKATING RINK



Will be Open Every

Tuesday and Saturday Evening's.

Saturday Afternoon's For Ladies and Children only.

General Admission - 10 Cents, USE OF SKATES, 15 CENTS.

## A Home Story In a Few Words

Pay rent during the next few years and your total investment will bring you what? Nothing.  
Pay for a home on monthly installments during the same years, and your total investment will bring you what? A HOME, all paid for.  
It will cost you exactly the same rent money you would have been paying your landlord, but it will give you a deed in a few years. Buy a home while you are young and it will be a great comfort to yourself and family in your old age. It will relieve you from the constant burden of paying rent.

JACOB HEYMAN & SON, 19 Montgomery Street, OWNERS AND BUILDERS.

## Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

## BREWERIES

—AND— THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

## UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

## SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

AT KILN PRICES

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

## BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

## W. T. RHOADS, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Plans Furnished. Buildings Erected.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

LEAVE ORDERS AT POST OFFICE. South San Francisco, Cal.

## South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE, South San Francisco, Cal.

## Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between W. J. Martin, J. L. Wood and E. E. Cunningham, under the firm name and style of the South San Francisco Lumber Company, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All moneys due and all claims against said firm, will be paid and settled by the Executor Redwood Company, A. T. Shaw, Agent, South San Francisco, Cal., to whom said business has been sold.

W. J. MARTIN, J. L. WOOD, E. E. CUNNINGHAM.

## IF YOU WANT

## GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

## VENUS OIL CO.

GEO. IMHOFF, PROP.

DEALER IN THE BEST

Eastern Coal Oil

—AND— Gasoline.

Coal Oil and Gasoline at Lowest Market Prices.

Leave Orders at Drug Store, GRAND AVENUE.

## ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENERFELDER: Proprietor.

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. South San Francisco, Cal.







The blackbirds follow slow behind the plow.  
Or whistle from the maple's swaying bough;  
The robin builds her nest among the leaves,  
And countless swallows twitter 'neath the eaves.

The plow-boy walks behind his smoking team,  
And guides aright the plow's unwieldy beam;  
The coal-black furrows rising fall and break,  
And lie like billows in his journey's wake.

The woods have flung their banners to the world—  
Green flags of leaves to every wind unfurled;  
And in the fields, by thicket and by fence,  
The rabbits hide in grassy cover dense.

Pertly and saucily the old cock quail  
Whistles "Bob White" from off the top-most rail;  
And when the evening flutters out her cloak,  
From roadside ponds the deep-voiced bullfrogs croak.

And jinglingly along the country lane,  
With broken chords of rustic, rude refrain,  
As sinks the sun from his high, ruddy dome,  
In Indian file the cows come trooping home.  
—Woman's Home Companion.

## Brown Bess.

"I WISH I could sell Brown Bess," said Susie Ross, rinsing the dishes she had just washed.

"Oh, Susie!" cried her brother. "What in the world do you want to sell Brown Bess for?" her mother asked, looking up from the dough she was kneading.

"I could go to the academy, mother, for two more terms," was the answer. "Then, perhaps I could—get the school at the corners."

"Nonsense, Susie. I need you to help me," her mother said. "Keeping school is a thankless business."

"It's money," said Susie, "and I do long to help myself, and you, too. Money will do everything that needs to be done."

"Yes, that's a fact," spoke up Tom, "and there's lots wants to be done. I'd like to clear that five-acre lot for potatoes and corn, but I can't do it."

"And the house wants shingling," her mother said plaintively, her careworn countenance taking on another shadow. "The front door's got a crack all the way across," Tom spoke up again, "and there ought to be a fireplace in granny's room. Then there's the barn; it's all we can do to keep the hay dry."

"I know all that," said Susie. "I know the house is getting to be a scarecrow, and the barn is worse, and that's why I want to be earning. As for the shingles, I should think you could put them on yourself, Tom; yes, and mend the door."

"Where's the shingles?" Tom asked, in his matter-of-fact way. "Where's the nails? Where's the hammer? The old one is broken past mending. And where's the money to get them with, I should like to know?"

"Sure enough," said Susie, "unless I could earn it. That's why I want to sell Brown Bess."

"And if you do sell her, you won't get much," Tom said. "She's so full of her tricks—the craziest colt I ever saw."

"I'm more and more afraid to have you ride her," he mother said. "But if you should sell her, there's the mortgage to be paid in October."

"If I sell her," said Susie, quietly, "it will be to finish my education."

"That's always your cry," her mother went on, in plaintive tones; "no matter what's needed; but I s'pose we must give in. Bad as the roof is, it shelters us. What would we do without a house over our heads?"

"I'd sell the cow, too," put in Tom. "And then grandma would just about starve," the mother supplemented.

Susie turned away from the table, angry and grieved, but she said nothing, only ran upstairs to her own room.

"They don't see it!" she sorrowfully murmured. "They can't understand that it's for their good and comfort I want to get that school. I'm willing to wear old clothes and to walk three miles and back every day for the sake of finishing my education. Let the roof leak awhile—if Tom don't patch it. Let granny sleep downstairs, where there's a fire. I'll help them all in a year or two—but they don't see it—they won't see it. If I can only sell Brown Bess! I'd go and beg time for the mortgage or I'd borrow money—or, maybe I can get enough to repair the house and go to school, too. If only Brown Bess wasn't such a little vixen! It will go hard to part with her, though; it was my father's last gift."

Tears rushed to the dark eyes, but she repressed them and went downstairs. After helping her mother about the house she donned her sunbonnet and ran into the barn. Tom was rubbing down Brown Bess, whose bright, glossy coat shone like satin.

"Much as I can do to take care of her," said Tom. "She wants a regular groom who would break her of her nasty little tricks. See how she throws her head up, and look at her eyes flashing fire! Are you going to the store? Mother wants sugar and molasses and vinegar—and I've got to go in the field."

"Yes, I'm going," said Susie, "though I dread it, the bill is so large. If I sell Brown Bess that's the first thing I'll pay."

"That and the mortgage," said Tom. "Well, I'll saddle old Dick."

Susie mounted to the back of the slow old cart horse with gloomy forebodings. It was a warm September day. Even in the midst of her anxiety the beauty of the ride to Hillston soothed and de-

lighted her. Every detail of the way was familiar to her, yet when she came to Silver Ledge Falls and saw the white spray leaping over granite rocks and dancing among tiny islands, she stopped old Dick and sat enjoying the scene as if she had never beheld it before.

"Good morning," a voice said behind her. "Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, with a start, "I didn't hear you coming."

"No? The falls are so loud. I saw you at the bend and followed. Going to town?"

"Yes, Charlie," she made reply, and in spite of herself her voice held a curious tremor.

"You're worried over something," he said, the keen lover's eyes noting the shadows.

"Yes, Charlie, a little—the same old trouble. I want to set things to rights—and—it's hard work," she said, in a low voice.

"I knew it. Why won't you leave all these matters and come with me? The house is waiting for you—and so am I. Susie, darling, make up your mind."

He held out his hand, a look of unutterable love making his rugged face beautiful. "If father had only lived," she said. "But you know it is impossible now, Charlie. I can't leave mother—not yet—and I must finish the course at the B— Academy, and keep school at least a year before I get things straightened out."

He gave a long, low whistle, then urged on his horse, but stopped again till Susie came up with him.

"You know I'll wait for you, Susie, as long as you say, but it's rather hard on me, as I'm forelanded and ready to marry. Susie, come, make up your mind. My house is a large one. I'll take you mother and granny. Tom can run the old farm, and—"

"What! Let you support me and the family too? Never!" and her eyes flashed. "I would never permit it."

"Well, Susie, I've declared my willingness to help you, if only you would let me," said Charlie, "but since you won't, don't look so sad and worried, my darling. It's worth serving and saving for seven years if I can only win you at last for my wife."

"Oh, Charlie!" she said, brokenly, "your love is priceless. Only be patient."

"I'll try, and keep on hoping," he said, and they parted at the store.

The grocer met her with a smile. Everybody liked Susie. No girl more genial than she under ordinary circumstances, but to-day her face was clouded, her manner pre-occupied.

"Mr. Lee, I have made up my mind to sell Brown Bess," she said, after getting the things she needed. "Do you know anybody that wants a horse?"

"Dear me! Going to sell Brown Bess! Well, I was thinking of buying a young horse for my Alice. Is she safe for a girl of 10, do you think?" the grocer asked.

Susie grew pale. She had not anticipated a question of that sort, but she answered after a moment's indecision. "She is fond of taking her own head sometimes. No, Mr. Lee, if I find it hard to manage her, she would never do for your little girl."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that, Miss Susie," said the storekeeper. "But I know a man who wants a spirited horse. What would you sell her for?"

"I leave that to the purchaser," Susie made answer. "Papa paid \$75 for her more than a year ago, and I wouldn't want to take less than that, for I need the money very much," she went on, "and if you will be so kind as to take an interest in the matter—" She stopped, her eyes wistful.

"Why, of course I will," the grocer responded. "I'll send my boy to your house with the groceries, and he can bring the horse back with him. If anything is done in the way of a sale I'll let you know at once."

Susie thanked him and went on her way home. As she came in sight of the house, an old-fashioned, two-story building, where dilapidation was rendered picturesque by a profuse growth of ivy that covered the front porch and much of the exterior walls, she felt more comfortable as she thought over her prospects. In imagination she had her mother quite reconciled to all her plans, her school life assured and all things going on swimmingly. For who knew but Brown Bess might bring her \$100, she was so spirited and handsome?

Work and home seemed brighter. The grocer's boy came for the horse, and though it was hard parting with the pretty creature, Susie, in expectation of results, bore the separation bravely.

"Can't we take a little of the money you get to shingle the roof?" her mother asked as the horse was led away. "I hope so," Susie replied blithely.

"And you still think of going to school? Ain't you too old?"

"I'm not 18 yet," was Susie's answer. "Many girls go to school till they are 20."

"And there's clothes, to think of, dresses and bonnets and shoes."

"Oh, they'll be provided," Susie said, with a little laugh.

"An' winter's comin'—an' it's two or three miles to the 'cademy," her mother went on, each time throwing a more plaintive cadence into her voice. "Tom's clothes are terrible patched, an' mother needs flannels. I ain't so young as I was once, but I ain't sayin' anything about myself, on'y it's kind o' hard to spare you," and the lines in her mother's weak face deepened.

"Mother, I wish you could see it as I do. I must go to the academy," Susie made reply. "It's the opportunity of my life. But I tell you what I will do. If I get a hundred dollars for Brown Bess I'll divide even. Fifty dollars would go a long way, wouldn't it?"

"Well, yes, fifty dollars would get everything we need," was the reply. "But you're never goin' to get a hundred dollars. You'll be more than lucky if you get fifty."

"Well, mother," said Susie, desperate-

ly, "if I only get fifty, I'll divide even. It will be thirty dollars coming in every month if I only get the school."

"I don't see there's any chance of that," said her mother, with a woe-begone face.

Day after day Susie waited, but no word came about Brown Bess. Tom declared that he believed there was no prospect of selling her, but one day Charlie Grant drove up to the house, his face fairly beaming.

"I thought I'd bring you the news," he said, as he came in the bright living room.

"Have they sold Brown Bess?" Susie asked, her voice trembling in her excitement to hear.

"Well, yes—that is, if you'll take the price they offer," Charlie made answer. "Oh, I hope it's a hundred," said Susie.

"A hundred!" laughed Charlie. "Is that what you valued her at? Lucky for you that I was in at the bargain. That horse will be worth thousands of dollars before long. The man who bought her trains horses for the race course. He has discovered remarkable qualities in Brown Bess as a trotter, and is willing to give you a thousand dollars for her."

A thousand dollars! Susie stood for a moment like a statue; then she flew into the kitchen, where her mother was making the daily batch of bread, exclaiming:

"A thousand dollars, mother! We're rich! Brown Bess is sold for a thousand dollars! You won't have to work hard this winter. Tom can get two suits of clothes if he wants them, and buy the five-acre lot. Grandma can have all the fire she needs; the roof shall be shingled, the mortgage paid off and—"

"What am I to have?" Charlie asked, as she stopped, out of breath, he having followed her into the kitchen.

She turned round, and blushing beautifully, held out her hands. He clasped them both and drew her to his bosom.

"What do you think of this, mother?" he asked of the glad-hearted woman at the bread pan. "Susie is to be my wife."

"Why, I think it's a good deal better than keeping school," she said.—Waverley.

## QUER STORIES

Some of the stars move with a velocity of fifty miles a second.

The smallest perfect watch ever made is owned by a Russian princess. It was first placed in an exquisite gold case, covered with the most minute but literally perfect Watteau scenes in enamel; then at the princess's desire the works were removed and placed inside a splendid diamond, scarcely two-fifths of an inch in diameter.

After a long and patient struggle the women physicians in Russia have secured a decree placing them upon an equality, both socially and politically, with the male physicians in the empire. All official positions will be open to them equally with men, and they will be entitled to pensions after the required length of service, and this whether or not they are married.

Paris journals declare that dolls are going out of vogue, and one philosophical writer explains why. In the good old times, he says, dolls were sold undressed, and it was the pleasant task of the little girls to make dresses for them. Now they are bought dressed in the latest style, and the children, after playing with them a short time, throw them aside.

The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000, and the Indian Ocean, Arctic and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara. A tank to hold it all would have to measure nearly 1,000 miles along each of its sides.

### Time, Two Minutes.

"Miss Daisy, you are writing to that little brother of yours who is visiting out West, aren't you?"

"Yes. He's a dear little fellow. I miss him so much."

"He is, indeed. Have you sealed the letter yet, Miss Daisy?"

"Not yet."

"Add a postscript, if you please, and tell him I want to know how he would like me for a big brother."

(Demurely) "Mr. Spoonamore, it will be at least two weeks before you get an answer—if you ask him."

(And the matter was settled in about two minutes.)—Chicago Tribune.

### A Community of Long-Lived People.

While Frenchtown, N. J., has a population of but 1,050, there are in that number fourteen persons whose ages aggregate 1,185 years—an average of nearly 85 years. Seven of these aged people are men and seven are women. Their ages range from 80 to 96 years. If there is any little town that can beat that for longevity we would like to know it.

### Is McKinley's Double.

Maj. O. L. Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, bears a striking resemblance to Mr. McKinley, a likeness heightened by the high hat and Prince Albert coat he always wears. Consequently the professional guides of the capital frequently point him out as the chief executive.

### The Most Extensive Cemetery.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

## HATS OF MANY KINDS.

ALMOST ENDLESS VARIETY APPROVED BY FASHION.

The Prevailing Mode Is Not of Any Distinct Order to the Exclusion of Others—Shapes, Colors and Trimmings Are Legion—Hair Dressing.

New York correspondence:

ANY woman are of many minds, to judge by the millinery that is put forward for summer. Variety as to colors, shapes and trimmings is usual at this and other seasons, but ordinarily there are certain tendencies that may be classed as characteristic of the new millinery. At present one looks in vain for the characteristics that are striking, generally existing and of this day alone. The observation that applies most generally is that women are growing their flower gardens on their heads, but that is not an unusual feature of headgear at this time of year. More out of the ordinary is the fact that no one sort of blossom is raised to the partial exclusion of others. Among the flowers that top the most stylish millinery are big roses, wonderful violet and lilac colored orchids, pansies, violets and a lot of other flowers named and unnamed. The stylish dresser likes a great rose, the sort that might satisfy a modest June if not another bloomed—that is, June in the milliner's window. Thank goodness! outdoor June has different notions. Most flowers in the hat garden are exaggerated and artificial affairs, and that is where the style comes in, so milliners say. There are some women, however, who do not give over entirely to artificiality, and there are a few hats trimmed with adorable bunches of wild roses, with foliage, or dainty yellow primroses, as natural as if the dew were on them.

In shapes there is none more abundant than the boat sort. It has a way of inducing a face to look oval in the chin curve even when nothing else will do so, and the oval face is the fashion now. The brow of the boat is narrow, rounded and comes down between the eyebrows well tucked forward. It is trimmed as a boat should be, fore and aft, and often has a veil tied about the brim. Though these shapes are plentiful, they don't exclude many other sorts. The wide effect, for instance, is as becoming and as fashionable as ever. Hats are made setting squarely, well down on the forehead, and are trimmed in spreading Dutch fashion. Hats of twisted fibre and straw lace lend themselves to this arrangement, and plumes with quill ends crossed under a knot at the forehead spread to the sides, or else are replaced by a wide bow or some fancy quills. As to quills, it is a wonder what a lot of different kinds the season shows.

Another sort that is well represented is the brimless hat, which has been called turban, toque and lots of other names. It is always pretty, and at the season when it is nice to have a hat that shall be a change from the winter headwear, and that yet must not be too pronounced in style or shape, it is a happy choice. Not all are made with the wide effect, and many have high side trimmings. Some are all around affairs, setting well down at the sides and back of the head and showing some of the hair at the forehead, either a suggestion of fringe or the down-pushed curves of the pompadour. For trimming these there is used what may be considered a result of the Audubon Society's campaign; that is, artificial wings made of fanned taffeta that is chenille in clever

turned brim close to the hair, the rest of the trimming being on the top of the crown at the side. Veils are not worn with these close hats, or at least they should not be so worn.

There is current another sort of close hat that is a little newer than any of these. It is no more than a bunch of flowers caught with a bow of ribbon. The ends of the bow pass around the sides of the head, and tie in a big fancy bow at side or back. The bunch of flowers sits at the front of the head just over the pompadour, the softly knotted hair supports the bow at the back and the hair shows on the top of the head. Of course there is a little foundation in the way of a hat, but the general effect is as described and is very dainty and airy.

It is noticeable that the hair is either done high or half way down the head for almost all the new hats, though when the hat is to be well tipped on the forehead the knot is made rather long, but does not come down to the nape of the neck. This

brilliantly distract from the close hats is the array of picture headgear. The brimmed hats certainly make a fine showing, and though most of them are for the garden hat period, they are already on view. The trimmed sailor, too, is a whole class by itself. When trimmed with row on row of gauzy scarfing, and finished off with an audacious quill—how do birds grow them so long!—they are very pretty. An exaggeration of the Spanish brim hat is out that looks very trig with its boxy effect.

Shortly curved and fluted brims are weighted with bows, plumes and flowers. These brims are uplifted at the back, as a rule, and some of them show the hair all around the forehead, the crown size being tiny and the hat fitted to the head by rosettes and bunches of flowers set against the hair at sides and back. One of the latest shapes is a revival of the side-tipped brim and is pretty. The under side of the brim is almost always overlaid with straw lace, a band of straw of con-



CHOSEN FROM THE ODDITIES OF HEADWEAR.

looks as if women were still warding off the chignon. The up-drawn back locks are often puffed out softly to fill out the contour of the head when the hat chosen is one whose greatest dimension is its length. Many hats of this kind are no more than soft masses of flowers—forget-me-nots or violets—with a twist or so of ribbon, velvet or straw lace showing. Tulle is much employed for this style of hat and is self-trimmed, folds lying softly and smoothly about the head. Great pom-poms of the tulle are set at the sides and front and sometimes a long stemmed quill is thrust through a bunch of these pom-poms as if to hold them in place. Black tulle is the rage for this sort of hat, but white is much used, and a few hats are shown in brilliant green, bright blue and in brown. The black is much the best, speaking generally. These hats, however, are hardly as good an investment as they were six weeks ago. Then they seemed especially fine with their yards and yards

trasting color making a border. It is useless to try to say much about color, because all colors are shown. Violet holds its own, though already far from exclusive. There is a tendency among exquisites to have the hat in distinct harmony with the color of the gown, rather than in deliberate or startling contrast.

Since women's fashions turned to thoughts of spring hats, her ideas as to hairdressing have been dominated by a desire for picturesqueness. The bang that threatened does not appear, and the stiff, high, conventional pompadour becomes more loose and graceful. The knot of hair appears still like a modestly submerged biscuit surrounded by billows or pompadour, and beautiful combs are still much worn. The woman with a gleaming central part, with glossy, smooth locks, and the front hair drawn in a slight loop down at the ears is attracting attention, too. The style is severe and unbecoming to any but a delicate and regular face, but it seems a relief from duffs. Its sleekness sets off a fine skin and handsome eyes, and the style displays the color and quality of the hair to great advantage. As was hinted in the foregoing, there are indications that the chignon may not be altogether avoided. If women take to looping their overdoresses, it will likely come right into fashion, and then won't they be sights?

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### Telegraphic Blunders.

He was receiving a dispatch from Albany, in which the sender was not overcareful in the matter of spacing his letters. Lawton took the address as follows: "Dr. A. Wing, room car agent, Central Depot, New York."

The dispatch came back with the marginal report that there was no such person at the address named. The operator at Albany was called up and explanations followed, in consequence of which the address was changed to "Drawing-room car agent, Central Depot."

A still more absurd mistake was once made in the same office, when a telegram was received for "James W. Giles, pie clerk, Brooklyn nasty yard." This was afterward amended to read: "James W. Gillespie, clerk, Brooklyn navy yard."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Hindoo First Steps in English.

A native has been caught at Calcutta sealing the wall of the premises into the compound of No. 3 Chowringh, dressed in a complete suit of European clothes. The man had, on the previous evening, concealed himself inside a shop, and had employed his time till morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links, and a red tie, carefully put on, black socks, a pair of boots, a watch and chain, handkerchief, and even a pocket-knife, with a straw hat and stick. He even went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being caught he said that he wanted to learn English, and as a preliminary step thought it best to dress himself in sahib's clothes.—Bombay Advocate of India.

### Cure of Typhoid Fever.

An eminent physician states that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. In case of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit.

English wedding cakes are now imported by fashionable brides.



FIVE BRIMLESS HATS AND ONE SIDE-TIPPED MODEL.

imitation of bird making. Now that a well-known opera singer has asked women not to wear birds or even feathers on their hats, fashionables may feel as if they ought to deny themselves. Taffeta and chenille go a long way toward making this self-denial bearable. Some turbans are made of twisted veiling, others of the much-favored closely folded tulle in all colors and combinations.

There is no hat that lends itself to all the different styles of hair dressing as does the toque. One may wear it pushed down over a bare forehead, it may show a trace of a bang or it may set high over a triumphant pompadour. If the last is a woman's preference, she is allowed to mount as high on top of the pompadour as she likes, and in silhouette the effect is sometimes startling. Some brimmed hats, the brim turned close to the sides of the crown, are trimmed in toque fashion with good results. All sorts of fancy straws are used, and in all colors; often a saucy pompon is set on the outside of the up-

of pleated tulle so laid loose in turban-like fashion that they had much bulk and almost no detail. They were most attractive then because they were finely suited for immediate use. They will do service in summer, too; surely they will have to do so since so many of them are now being worn. Yet it is not a rash hazard to guess that moneyed women will turn to something distinctly different for midsummer. Then the women with tulle tops will be out of it. And the woman who cannot follow their lead and purchase a new hat in July or August will, perhaps, be wiser if she avoids tulle now.

When one is looking at close hats it seems as if they must be favorites, but on looking a little further much is found to draw one from this belief. For one thing, there is a large number and great variety of hats that are odd yet attractive. A few representatives of this class are put in to-day's second group, and for young women, especially those of strong features or piquant expression, they make admira-



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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

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